The Nation

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The Week

On another page we print a letter by a Columbia professor, about which we must say a few words. We have to note his strange blunder in saying that we had characterized as "faithless and shameless" "what was virtually the action of the last Congress and President Taft." Nothing of the kind. Those words we definitely applied to the proposal to abrogate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty out of hand. That is a wholly different thing from what Congress or Taft did, and a professor of psychology ought not to be blind to the distinction. Further on he blandly remarks that "the history of the negotiations preceding the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is unrevealed," and then proceeds to make his private guess what the treaty means. But "unrevealed"! Is he not aware that the whole correspondence has been published? Has he never read Secretary Hay's letter stating that it was necessary to make certain agreements and concessions in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in order to "get rid" of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty?

We are more concerned, however, with Dr. Cattell's general position. This stands apart from his mistakes in fact and his ignorance of the record. He bluntly takes the view that treaties are not binding. "Every great nation has broken its treaties." "We should maintain our will to denounce a treaty at any time." "We should . . . explain in a kindly way . . . our purpose to maintain our right and power to act in every respect and on every occasion as we deem for the advantage of the nation"—this, wholly irrespective of what we have by treaty agreed to do. That all this is shockingly immoral, does not seem to have occurred to the Columbia professor. Certainly the cool disregard of treaty obligations which he advocates goes counter to the moral standards of even uneducated men in the street. On all sides, during the past few months, in the press, in the mouths of farmers and blacksmiths and brokers' clerks, we have been hearing something like this: "Well, it looks as if we had made a bad bargain in that Panama treaty, but there is nothing to do but to live up to it." It was left for the voice of philosophy to indicate the short and easy way of dealing with treaties: "All great nations have broken their treaties; why should we not break ours?"

In Florence, Dr. Cattell's doctrine of treaties was long ago anticipated. It is written in "Il Principe" that a ruler ought not to be bound by his promises when he finds an advantage in breaking them. But at that time Florence and Pisa and Siena and Genoa were watching for a good chance to stab one another in the back. Contempt for treaty obligations is conceivable in a barbarous age, but a jealous regard for international agreements is the very breath of life of the civilized world to-day. Upon treaties is based an important part of international law. The daily intercourse of nations depends upon the faithful observance of treaties. To make light of them, or to pretend that a Samson among nations ought to snap them as so many green withes hampering the play of his muscles, is about as demoralizing and dangerous a thing as a man or a country could attempt. Treaties are not, of course, sempiternal. They often provide for their own amendment or voiding. When they do not, there are regular ways of procuring their modification or abrogating. But while they stand, the nation's honor is tied up in them; and to suggest that we can calmly disown their obligation whenever the impulse seizes us, and still hold up our head among the nations, is very like suggesting that a merchant need not pay his notes or keep his contracts, yet may continue to pose as a good citizen and honest man.

The House has passed the Sundry Civil bill, virtually without opposition, although it contained the proviso exempting labor unions and farmers' organizations from the equal operation of the Anti-Trust law. There is no doubt that the bill will have smooth sailing through the Senate, and the expectation is general that President Wilson will sign it. But this he certainly cannot do, in decency, without a full and public statement of his reasons, and of what he thinks the effect of the measure will be. This thing has not been done in a corner. President Taft vetoed the same bill on March 4, and did it in a message which showed with great cogency the mischievous and indefensible nature of such legislation. He pointed out the strong presumption that such an exemption, if enacted as a separate law, would be held unconstitutional. A similar statute was once enacted by Illinois, but was declared invalid by the Supreme Court on the ground that it violated the Constitutional guarantee of the equal protection of the laws. Mr. Taft also indicated with much force the elusive nature of the language used in the rider, which, though fair sounding, might easily be made to justify the most wicked and cruel acts by labor unions. There have been reports that the phraseology was to be changed in the present bill, so as to reserve to the Attorney-General the right to prosecute in his discretion. But in fact the clauses stand exactly in the words used before.

Secretary Bryan's trip to California is one of those steps which, if successful, we describe as masterly, but of which, if they fail, we say that any one could have seen that they were ill-advised. On its face, the President's sending Mr. Bryan to Sacramento is a confession that the pending California legislation threatens to embroil us with Japan. That at once lends an air of gravity to the Secretary's journey. It is disquieting that the Government should feel compelled to resort to such unusual methods in order to prevent a single State from bringing on an international crisis.

Just how menacing is this yellow peril which has driven the proud State of California so mad with apprehension that a solemn plea for moderation by the President of the United States falls seemingly on deaf ears? Are the waves of Mongolian invasion really beating about the foundations of white supremacy to an extent justifying the pitiful shrieks of the negro-baiting Senator from Mississippi? The New York

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World, with a mere stickful of figures from official sources, lets loose a flood of common-sense upon what can be described only as a crazy situation. The Japanese in California to-day own a little less than 13,000 acres of land, one-tenth of one per cent. of the agricultural area of the State, and an increase since 1909 of something less than 2,000 acres. The Japanese lease 17,600 acres, a decrease since 1909 of 2,700 acres. In other words, Japanese agricultural activity in California is represented by less than one-third of one per cent. of the entire arable land of the State, and, counting ownership and leaseholds, they cultivate nearly a thousand acres less to-day than they did three years ago. But perhaps the figures of the census never quite reveal the true inwardness of the situation. Here, then, is a specific instance of how the fell hand of Oriental enterprise is grasping at the throat of a white man's California: "The entire strawberry district of Florin, Sacramento," says a California editor who cannot sleep for the yellow peril, "the entire strawberry district of Florin, Sacramento, is now in the hands of the Japanese."

No one will begrudge the Republicans what satisfaction they are able to extract from the disappointment of hungry Democrats in being held off from the pie counter. Representative Hamilton, of Michigan, amusingly commented the other day upon the effect of President Wilson's attitude towards the distribution of spoils. "Leaning down from the heights of altruism," he said, "the new President told his followers in a language that none of them understood that the nation was intending to use them for 'a large and definite purpose.' This gave general satisfaction until it was explained to them that it did not involve their employment in an official capacity." In other words, all the beauty of that "definite" faded. But the Administration can easily afford such fun-making at the expense of some of its supporters. The revolution that has taken place in this respect is seen in the statement of a Philadelphia Democrat to a Southern newspaper. "When I was younger," he confesses, "I would have criticised any Democratic Administration that allowed a Republican to remain in office. But I have broadened in recent years, and I believe that 90 per cent. of the Democrats have broadened. I can see now that the Civil Service law is a good thing. I do not pretend to know much about the tariff, but I thoroughly endorse President Wilson in his attitude toward the office-seekers." The thing for the jeering Michigan Republican to think about is the effect of the Democratic policy respecting appointments upon the spoils policy of the next Republican Administration—when there is one.

Let us not be tempted into assuming too hastily that the Progressive party is the party which preëminently believes in taking things out of politics. At first sight there is sufficient basis for such a definition. Speaking for the Progressive party the other day, Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania, criticised the Underwood bill and demanded that we should "take the tariff out of politics and place it in the hands of an impartial tariff commission." Mr. Roosevelt himself is, of course, in favor of such a plan. While he was President he took the tariff so completely out of politics that no one would have imagined such a thing as a tariff problem was agitating the public mind. At one moment, to be sure, he was inclined to deal with the subject. But Mr. Cannon persuaded him to the contrary, and so Mr. Roosevelt took the tariff out of politics by taking it out of his Presidential message almost at the last moment. It was he, too, who took foreign affairs out of politics by settling the Panama Canal business on his own hook. As for taking the Trusts out of politics and putting them into the hands of an impartial handful of men dominated by the economic ideas of Mr. Perkins, that is a matter of record.

But, as we have intimated, it would be a mistake to assume that the Progressive creed consists entirely in taking things out of politics. It believes just as firmly in putting other things into politics. There is the Constitution, for instance. The old idea was that the Constitution stood outside of politics in the sense that it stood above party tactics and ambitions and embodied the ripened will of the whole people. Then there are the courts, which were formerly supposed to stand, almost by definition, outside of politics. Also there is the question of wages, which was regarded as an economic rather than a political problem. We look forward with interest to the perfect realization of Progressive principles when questions like the tariff, the Trusts, taxation, and money appropriations for the public services will be taken out of politics and placed in the hands of impartial committees and boards of practical men, while Congress busies itself with social justice, the encouragement of eugenics, the incorporation of academies of art and literature, and the regulation of baseball salaries; something being thus put into politics for everything that is taken out.

The wisdom of the world is about to receive an addition wholly without precedent. All that is necessary is for the House of Representatives to pass a resolution that has been submitted to it. And the cost will be a paltry three or four thousand dollars a year. The secret is revealed in the first paragraph of the resolution, which reads as follows:

> Whereas the very best thought and expression upon all the great questions pertaining to government and economics and to the widest range of subjects affecting human interests, garnered through the research and labor of the ablest and most profound men of the times, lies buried in the *Congressional Record* of the past, almost unavailable, inaccessible, and unfindable for lack of a subject index and general reference.

The resolution goes on to provide for the appointment of an additional clerk in the Speaker's office, who shall be the Subject Indexer of the *Record*, and shall begin his work—with the first Congress? By no means. Having done so long without the "unfindable" thought of the most profound men of our early days, we can do without it a little longer still. Our real danger is in the loss of the priceless gems that are even now falling from the lips of our ablest citizens. So the Indexer is to "begin" with the last Congress, and also to "proceed at once" with the present Congress. Ultimately, if he can get round to it, he is to go back to the beginning of the *Record*.

A proper taxicab system for New York city seems at last to be within sight. The commission appointed by Mayor Gaynor to study the question has drawn up an ordinance, which has been pre-

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sented to the Board of Aldermen, and which embodies the same general purposes as those contemplated in the ordinance proposed by Alderman Courtlandt Nicoll. The fundamental feature is the abolition of the private stands, and the substitution for them of public stands the use of which is to be controlled by city regulations designed to serve in the best way the convenience of the public. The matter of rates is of less importance, but the ordinance fixes maximum rates which are distinctly less than those charged in many instances at the present time, though not less than those that are now regarded as reasonable. The ordinance provides that "any hackman may solicit employment by driving through any public street" in conformity with certain conditions, "and may pass and repass before any theatre, hall, hotel," etc.; which, together with the availability of the public stands to all duly licensed hackmen, should both greatly increase the accessibility of cab service to the public, and make the business of running cabs more economical. With these improvements introduced, and with a stringent enforcement of the rules prescribed in the ordinance relating to the qualifications of licensed drivers, the city will have made a forward step in one of the really important features of general metropolitan life.

Social historians are disputing about the year which really marks the centenary of the "top hat." It may be that one reason for the warmth displayed is that the top hat is going so rapidly. Thirty years ago you could not have thrown a brick in lower Broadway without hitting a "stove-pipe" hat. To-day you seldom see one during business hours, and any person wearing one is instinctively set down as being on his way to some ceremonial occasion. The silk hat has, indeed, become something like a wedding-garment. It is kept in reserve for use when needed as a mark, not so much of personal dignity, as of deference to opinion. Thus President Wilson and President Taft felt it incumbent on them to appear at the inauguration in a glistening "tile." But both sought speedily thereafter the relief of the soft hat or modest "bowler." The top hat may have a first centenary, if the authorities are able to agree upon the date, but it seems doubtful if it will be there to see its second.

Mr. Bryce's farewell to America—which all Americans hope will not be final—cannot but leave us all with a heightened admiration of the man and renewed thanks to him for all that he has done for this country. Throughout the six years that he has been Ambassador, he has displayed a friendliness and a tact without a flaw. While loyally serving his own Government, he has been on the best terms with ours; and has rightly interpreted his chief mission as being that of representing one people to the other. The keen interest which he has continued to take in all that makes for our national progress, and the helpfulness and reasoned optimism which have marked many of his addresses on our public affairs—as they marked his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner in his honor last Friday evening—have placed us repeatedly in his debt. People have listened to him gladly all over the country because they have believed him entirely sincere and eminently sagacious. No foreign country ever sent to us a more intelligent observer. His official dispatches, during the period of his being at the British Embassy at Washington, must of course long remain guarded in the archives; but when they finally come to be open to the historian, he will surely find them as instructive and perhaps as racy as those of the Venetian Ambassadors. In voluntarily retiring, Mr. Bryce lays down an office which, as far as the wishes of Americans are concerned, he might have continued to fill as long as he lives. Departing, he must be conscious of being borne away on a mighty volume of gratitude and godspeeds.

The Clerical majority in Belgium, by yielding on the principle of universal suffrage, has submitted to an extraordinary manifestation of the popular will whose meaning was all the more impressive because it was expressed with such complete self-restraint. Apart from the intrinsic justice of their demands, the Belgian workingmen, by their admirable example of determination and discipline, have demonstrated their fitness for an unrestricted franchise. Whether absolute equality will be conceded them even now remains to be seen. The arrangement contemplated is something in the nature of a compromise, and it is not to be supposed that the Clerical leaders will omit any chance to save as much as possible out of the wreck, in the course of the complicated negotiations that will now ensue. On the other hand, a step forward is assured. The general strike began on April 14. Just twenty years ago, on April 12, 1893, a great labor strike broke out upon the refusal of the Belgian Government to make changes in the utterly ridiculous franchise laws then in force. The strike lasted five days, and, unlike the present movement, was accompanied by violence. On April 17, 1893, the Government yielded, and ten days later the Senate passed a bill by which the body of the electorate was increased from 135,000 to an estimated 1,200,000. A proportionate victory to-day should bring the Socialist and Liberal parties pretty close to their objective.

The pressure which is brought to bear upon Montenegro with regard to the surrender of Scutari is enormous. No one can doubt that Europe is desirous of peace. During more than six months the Powers have labored to avoid the outbreak of a general conflict which at times seemed almost unavoidable. It is not to be supposed that now, just when permanent relief seems in sight, the fruits of painful negotiation will be allowed to go by the board without desperate effort to bring Nicholas I to see reason. Nor is that all. On the part of the Balkan allies there must be the keenest desire to avert a collision among the Powers. A general European war would mean the reopening of the issue which to-day seems so completely fought out between the allies and Turkey. Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece have made gains far beyond their expectations. A general war followed by a general European congress would throw the distribution of Turkish territory into outside hands, with inevitable loss for the Balkan nations. In case of victory for the Triple Alliance, Austria would realize her ancient ambitions in Macedonia. In case of victory for Russia and her allies, the Czar's concern for his fellow-Slavs in the Balkans would become quite secondary to his own plans with regard to Constantinople. As a business proposition, Bulgaria and Servia can afford to offer Montenegro compensation for Scutari.

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THE INCOME TAX.

In opening the debate on the tariff bill, Mr. Underwood made but slight reference to the income tax, leaving that to Mr. Hull, of Tennessee, who drafted it. On Saturday, Mr. Hull presented the case for this tax, in a long speech, the full report of which has not yet appeared in the *Congressional Record*. So far as can be judged from the press reports of the speech, it will not be found to contain any satisfactory explanation of the curiously involved language and structure of the section; and a plain statement of the methods by which the tax is to be collected, a statement that intelligent persons would have no difficulty in following and no doubt in interpreting, remains an urgent desideratum. Nor is it possible to compliment Mr. Hull on the manner in which he has presented the underlying principles. There are cogent reasons for such a tax, and Mr. Hull has not overlooked them; but he has jumbled them up with arguments which either have little inherent weight or are presented in a manner quite unworthy of the occasion.

A fairly collected income tax is intrinsically one of the most just taxes that can be devised. In our country, the question of levying a Federal tax of this nature has always—apart from any issue of Constitutionality—been complicated by the objection, sincerely regarded by many as very serious, that this source of revenue should be reserved for the separate States. There can be little doubt, however, that public sentiment at this time strongly approves resort to an income tax as part of the machinery for raising the revenue required by the Federal Government. In the present instance, it is expressly resorted to for the purpose of making up the deficiency in that revenue caused by the abolition or reduction of tariff taxes. These latter, when they are in the nature of protectionist duties, impose upon the people a burden far in excess of the amount that they bring into the Treasury; and, if levied on the necessaries of life, even though not protective, they are borne by the masses in a ratio far greater than that which can in any way be regarded as measuring their equitable share in defraying the expenses of government. This is true also of the internal revenue taxes. An income tax, with small incomes exempted and with rates on very large incomes rising according to some duly considered scale, tends to distribute the cost of government in a way that fulfils the requirements of equity.

Both exemption, however, and the graded rate are fraught with danger. That the $4,000 exemption—which the present bill contains, as did the act of 1894—is much too high, we believe to be the sober opinion of competent thinkers. A tax, general in its nature, yet such as to exempt thirty-nine men out of forty, offers a standing temptation to indefinite exploitation, not to speak of indefinite extravagance. No other country has a limit at all comparable with this, even after allowing for the far higher scale of American incomes in general. The principle ought to be that those should be exempt who must exercise great frugality in providing themselves with the necessaries of a simple life, and that all others should pay something, even though it might be very little. The expense of collection is given as a justification for the high exemption, but we cannot regard this as much better than a pretext. The real reason is that the collection of a tax on all incomes above $2,000, say, would involve the risk of great unpopularity for the bill. The expense of collection would, of course, be a much larger percentage of the tax in the case of the lower incomes; but it would still yield a substantial sum, and it would be worth vastly more than it cost in preventing the formation of a dangerous habit—the habit, on the part of almost the entire population of the country, of regarding a small class as the sole bearers of the burden of any fresh governmental expenditure, they themselves being interested only in its benefits.

Like considerations apply to the graduation of rates. As we go up in the scale of incomes, the number of persons upon whom the advancing rates fall rapidly becomes smaller; and once we let go the simple rule of uniformity, there is no automatic check on the temptation to exact a greater and greater percentage. But in spite of this undeniable objection, the propriety of drawing from those who are in the enjoyment of great incomes a larger proportion of their superfluity than is demanded of the man of moderate resources commends itself too strongly to be denied. It does not embody any broad theory of "social justice," any doctrine that goes to the root of our economic institutions, any system the adoption of which would mean a radical change in the status of property rights; but it does appeal to the ordinary man's instinct of what those ought to do towards supporting the Government who are fortunate far above their fellows in their resources. The growth of wealth in this country, in the past few decades, has been enormous beyond all precedent. It is no hardship that the possessors of incomes above the requirements of the most comfortable—or, as it may be, the most luxurious—living should contribute one-fiftieth, or in the extreme cases one-twenty-fifth, of the excess to the public treasury. But it must be frankly confessed that—as we have said—the scheme opens the door to grave possibilities. With the rule of a uniform rate abandoned, there is absolutely no principle that can serve as a guide. Our only reliance against unreasonableness, indeed against the wildest excess, must be in the sound sense and right feeling of the American people. The time may come when the graduated income tax will put these to a severe test.

ABUSE OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

The merits of the assault by Mr. Glover, the Washington banker, upon Representative Sims, of Tennessee, are to be aired by an official inquiry. Every one, including doubtless Mr. Glover himself, must deplore such a resort to physical violence. Mr. Sims's colleagues will probably manage to find some way of disciplining the technical offender. The incident will have its consolatory side if it brings sharply to public notice an abuse which has reached flagrant proportions in Congress.

The Constitutional provision absolving members of both houses from legal liability for their utterances had two good purposes in view: it was expected to give our lawmakers a sense of entire freedom in denouncing wrongdoing, and also to protect their constituents from being deprived of their services by arrests instigated by persons masking an unworthy design behind a pretended grievance. Parliamentary privilege of this sort is common to all constitutional governments; but nowhere was it in-

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tended to license accusations founded on guesswork, or on the mere vagaries of a morbid imagination, and without any honest effort to get at the facts. In not a few cases, nevertheless, which will come readily to mind, not only has confirmatory evidence been lacking; but all the presumptions have been favorable to the innocence of the accused.

Malicious or reckless talkers in Congress have attributed every variety of self-seeking to men whose conduct appeared on the surface to be actuated by public spirit, with sacrifices of money, time, comfort, and health. Men of science have been equally convenient targets, for it is incomprehensible to certain minds that any one of normal capacity would devote himself to mature study or the discovery of the laws of physics, at a modest remuneration, unless a big graft of one kind or another were discernible in the offing. The late Spencer F. Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and organizer of the Federal Fish Commission, though a man of the most unselfish type, was an object of outrageous attacks from persons in Congress who were not worthy to polish his shoes. We had in this city, only a few days ago, an example of this sort of irresponsible slander, the victim being Professor Townsend, of the Aquarium. His disclaimer of the offences charged brought to the front a group of gentlemen of high standing in the community, who, after a careful investigation of their own, reported the complete collapse of the attempt to besmirch him.

Not all sufferers from unjust assaults by irresponsibles in Congress are so fortunate in finding prominent men to take up their cause in this aggressive fashion. Now and then one broods over his wrongs till his sense of them overcomes his discretion. The great majority, however, realizing that revenge is not rebuttal, hold their natural impulses in restraint, and for their vindication in the esteem of their neighbors trust the good name they have spent a lifetime in building up by honest dealing.

The abuse of parliamentary privilege is as abominable in principle as the abuse of the privilege extended, as a matter of public policy, to certain professions. If a lawyer or a physician or a minister violates his obligation to society by making his special immunity a cloak for malpractice or blackmail, he is no worse than the Congressman who, for the sake of partisan advantage, or to gratify a personal spite, or to acquire a bit of cheap notoriety, directs a battery of defamation at a reputation hitherto better than his own. He deserves the same ostracism as the professional man who betrays the faith of society; and he adds the vice of cowardice. His conduct would be bad enough if it went no further than to undermine public respect for the body to which he belongs—making a whole Congress suffer in the public mind for the misdeeds of a minority of the members. But it does go further, for it tends to introduce confusion into the moral standards of the people generally.

Ordinary citizens who have always regarded a neighbor as an upright man, but find him held up to obloquy by some loose-lipped speechmaker or writer of sensational reports in Congress, would cut that neighbor's acquaintance if they believed the charges against him. They do not; thereby signifying that they have not lost faith in him. Yet, as with the breath on a mirror, the clearing of the cloud does not necessarily efface the memory of it; and the repetition of this sort of thing at frequent intervals presently results in dulling the fine edge of sincere criticism. A public once trained to think that every man who does something out of the common is out hunting for undeserved credit or pecuniary gain, is in a most unwholesome state, and likely to become as sordid of motive and as coarse of fibre as it imagines its most conspicuous members to be. It is well known, also, to all who are familiar with history as made in Washington that some men in Congress who acquired a repute for success in pushing their measures through, actually built this fame upon their capacity for mud-slinging, their associates generally having so little stomach for that sort of warfare as to avoid antagonizing their schemes on the floor. It is a sardonic thought that the education of the public in this sort of thing should often come from men who are severely critical of the press for shortcomings! But newspapers have no privilege. They are legally liable for injuring a private reputation without justification. It is Congressmen who are the chartered libertines.

ANOTHER LABOR DISPUTE SETTLED.

It seems but a short time since the country was confronted with the possibility of serious trouble between the railway firemen and the railway companies. Both sides professed a desire to submit the dispute to arbitration, but the men insisted on having this effected as provided in the Erdman act, while the companies, with apparently equal firmness, objected to that method, which, they contended, virtually places the decision in the hands of a single man, the third arbitrator chosen by the two representing the contending parties. In yielding this point, the railways furnished a fresh instance of the growth of the general sentiment in favor of the settlement of labor disputes by reason, and not by wasteful and demoralizing trials of strength. The questions at issue have been settled, and settled promptly, by unanimous decision of the arbitrators. Every such event is welcome, not only in itself, but as a precedent sure to be powerful in its influence in the future. Good habits grow by use, quite as truly as bad ones; and the arbitration habit has evidently come to stay.

Though neither side got what it asked, probably both got just about what they expected. A substantial increase in pay has been awarded to the firemen, and a number of their demands in the matter of classification and methods have been granted; but these concessions have fallen far short of the demands of the men. The wage advance is estimated at between 10 and 12 per cent., and the award, it is calculated, will add about $4,000,000 to the annual expenses of the railways. The roads involved cover virtually all that part of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and the Potomac. The number of firemen employed by these roads in 1912 was about 31,000, and their wages in that year amounted to about $29,000,000. It may be noted that the increase in the expenses of these railways involved in the present settlement is approximately the same as that estimated to be entailed by the settlement of the engineers' strike last autumn, under an arbitration in which the decision turned on the judgment of five neutral arbitrators. Whether these incidents are to be followed by similar movements

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affecting other departments of the railway service is a question for the future; but in any case the idea of a revision of railway rates to correspond to increased expenses, prominently put forward a couple of years ago and checked by the vigorous interposition of Attorney-General Wickersham, can hardly fail to be suggested afresh by these developments.

That the steady growth of the practice of arbitration on the one hand—arbitration taking on, through force of public opinion, something of the character of legal compulsion—and of governmental regulation of rates on the other, removes the conduct of our railway systems more and more from the status of ordinary private enterprise, is an obvious fact. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than the suggestion that government ownership is the logical solution of the whole problem; and to a large class of minds such a solution of any large social or economic problem is extremely attractive. Why bother with demanding this, and conceding that—why have recurring quarrels, based on no recognizable principle and settled by rule-of-thumb compromise—when an all-embracing governmental system could control the whole situation upon the basis of general laws? And what may be said about railways may be said also, with some modification, about the greatest of the industrial interests. But when we look below the surface, the matter assumes quite a different aspect. Indeed, it is precisely because these settlements are of a rule-of-thumb nature that they form a useful and consistent part of the working machinery of the existing order. In spite of all that has come and gone, the competitive and individualistic principle is still overwhelmingly dominant in our economic system; and the adjustments made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the decisions of courts under the Anti-Trust law, the awards of arbitration boards, are all bottomed on the outstanding facts of the whole industrial and commercial activity of the country. In fields where, under present-day conditions, competition pure and simple is unworkable, the machinery of regulation steps in to produce results approximately the same as are produced by the action of competition in the general field.

The argument for government ownership of railways has, to be sure, a basis in something else, besides the plea that it is logical. Government ownership is a fact, a system in successful operation, in most of the countries of Continental Europe. But the circumstances of this country are, in two vital respects, so different from those that obtain in Europe as to deprive this argument of any weight beyond that of a slight presumption. In the first place, the interests affected by railway questions are incomparably more important, more diverse, and more pervasive in this country than in any other. And secondly, our political institutions, both in their virtues and in their defects, are such that to make railway rates, railway wages, and railway facilities and accommodations purely a matter of governmental determination would be an experiment to whose hazard nothing in European experience affords any parallel. The fact is, that we are getting on, both in the matter of railway regulation and of Trust control, in a way more satisfactory than seemed at all likely, even to the most sanguine, a few years ago. We shall continue along our present lines, it may now be confidently hoped, with greater and greater success. If the method is clumsy and illogical, it shares that quality with pretty much everything that man has thus far done in his progressive grapplings with the rough facts of economic life.

EAST SIDE AND UNDERWORLD.

"A startling story of life in New York's underworld"—thus a Western book reviewer characterizes one of the promising novels of the season. The book in question deals with the fortunes of a Jewish working girl, whose career is drawn against a background of industrial struggle. Her story is one of toilsome labor, of high ideals, of a love that triumphs over adversity. From a mere factory hand she rises to be a leader among her fellow-workers. We read much of garment strikes, of Syndicalists and Industrial Workers of the World, of social reconstruction, of many ideas, in short, which are the staple of present-day thought among people of intelligence and conscience. The end of the story leaves the heroine and her husband happy in their love and in the attempt to keep alive the poverty-stricken little Socialist newspaper through which they work for the emancipation of their class. This is the story, and these are the circumstances, manners, and general outlook upon life which appealed to the Western book reviewer as typical of New York's Underworld. It is notorious, of course, that one need only drop in at any thieves' kitchen on the Bowery or any opium joint in Chinatown to obtain the most illuminative comment on Syndicalism and the position of woman in industry.

One can hardly blame the ingenuous Westerner for his confused impressions of life in New York below Fourteenth Street. The publishers who printed the reviewer's impressions might possibly have known better. But for them, too, there is some excuse. So many of us are caught in the same chaos of physical, sociological, and moral geography. Three main currents in the day's news have joined in a merry whirlpool of bewilderment. New York's graft revelations, beginning with the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gave us the colorful term "underworld." From another direction we touched the underworld through the anti-vice crusades in Pittsburgh and Chicago. Vice, in turn, merged with the question of women's wages, a subject which will remain long at the front both on its own merits and as part of the general movement for wage readjustment throughout the country. The mere juxtaposition of these three questions in the newspaper columns week after week would have wrought a certain amount of confusion. But it was not left to chance. In a wild outbreak of faulty sentiment and faulty reasoning, the three were forcibly welded together, until graft, vice, and wages became, to many not over-careful readers and reasoners, localized in the same class of the population. The factory and the dive have become sub-departments of the underworld. There must be a great many good people who dimly visualize the East Side as populated by gamblers, gunmen, cadets, unfortunate women, and juvenile criminals and defectives.

And the confusion persists, and will persist for some time to come, in spite of the fact that the ridiculous state of affairs needs only to be pointed out to be acknowledged. It seems absurd to enter into a defence of the East Side at

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this late day. For twenty years we have thought, and correctly thought, of the East Side as a place where, along with much poverty, much overwork, much congestion, much peril for the children and the young, there has been also much progress. The active intellectual life of the East Side, one would have been tempted to say only a year ago, had become a commonplace. As a matter of fact, the East Side to-day is better off physically and spiritually than it has ever been. Housing conditions, health, recreation, show an immense improvement. The economic situation is better than ever before. There is poverty, of course, but not so much as there was ten years ago. The standard of living leaves much to be desired, but, after all, it is only fair to compare it with the European standards and circumstances from which the great immigrant masses have sought refuge here. The East Side to-day supplements its consumption of English newspapers with a vernacular press that counts a circulation approaching the half-million mark. The busiest branches of the Public Library are mostly below Fourteenth Street.

Is it necessary to exaggerate in order truly to be socially minded? Is it essential to the continuance of honest effort for the improvement of life among the alien elements in this city to picture life on the East Side as dragging itself out in a drab atmosphere of crime, vice, and tuberculosis? If formerly there was a great deal of empty talk about the dignity of labor and the self-respect of the working class, have we improved matters by pitching together into one confused mass the shop-worker and the cadet, the factory-girl and the woman of the streets? Well-meaning social workers might pause to reflect on the ferocious slanders they are guilty of against a class whose interests they have at heart. Presumably it was a socially minded person who professed to quote an East Side mother as saying that if it was a choice between having her young daughter starve or go on the street, she would urge her to the latter course. The mind rejects the vile slander; rejects it because it is inconceivable, because it insults our very conception of motherhood. Tens of thousands of mothers in the tenement districts of New York slave for their children, hundreds of thousands of girls toil in the factories, in whom the monstrous ideas promulgated by loose-tongued agitators could only arouse stupefaction or utter abhorrence. We do the workers of this city no service by taking their lives of fairly normal happiness, based on the ancient duties and the ancient sanctities, and besmearing them with our patronizing decadentisms.

THEATRICAL AND LITERARY REVIVALS.

The more new theatres we get in New York, the more old plays are "revived." An uncommon number of such revivals has marked the theatrical season, last year and this. It is not simply the perennial Shakespeare, but Gilbert and Sullivan, and Pinero, and finally Lester Wallack. After "Rosedale," why should we not have "Hazel Kirke" next restored to the stage? It would give men of fifty a chance to experience again an old enthusiasm—or else to be bitterly disappointed at failing to feel the former thrill. But the movement is not confined to the drama. It is showing itself in literature also. Old novels are reprinted in newspaper supplements. Some of the magazines are regularly publishing again successful or favorite short stories of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Thus we seem to be reviving something or other all round. It might almost be said that, unless we are going back to playing or printing something that delighted a former generation, we are not *dans le mouvement.*

The obvious inference that current production is not what could be wished, is not denied by managers and publishers. They would not be dipping into the archaic if they had just what they desired of the modern. This is eminently true of the stage. Good new plays are rare and seem to be getting rarer. Despite the great prizes to be won by the playwright, the hour, notwithstanding the proverb, does not produce the man. The plight in the literary field is not so sad; yet there is a growing complaint that even in the province of the short story, where American writers have led the world, the quality is falling off. We may be sure that if magazine editors had an ample supply of telling present-day fiction, their fancy would not be lightly turning to the stories of yesteryear.

It remains true, no doubt, that there is a perfectly legitimate reason for these theatrical and literary revivals. Fashions change so rapidly that a reproduction from thirty years since has all the effect of a genuine novelty. If jokes have their cycle, and turn up as good as new after a generation, why should not dramas and stories? It may be, too, that there is a certain artfulness in the appeal which these purveyors are making to the praisers of a past age. You say that there are no such plays to be seen on the stage now as when you were a young man? Very well, we will put on some of your old plays. And we will watch your face while you are listening to "and so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." Will that convulse you with laughter as it did when you first heard it, a beardless youth? We trow not. In a similar way, it may be that the publishers have an eye upon the man who prides himself, whenever a new book comes out, on reading an old one again. They will give him an old one and see what he has to say then.

When every allowance is made, however, these forms of tribute to the past cannot be twisted into a compliment to the present. It is not a case of historical or antiquarian interest. Nor is there any pretence that we moderns are to get impulse and models from these revivals. There is no question of anything like the Pre-Raphaelite movement being involved. We hear no cry: "Back to the Elizabethans." The dramatists and novelists to whom we are sent back are sought out, not in the spirit of instruction, but merely in that of amusement. If people nowadays will not be entertained by what is written and acted especially for them, let us see how they will take to what their fathers found enjoyable. That pretty nearly tells the whole story.

We would not deny either the advantage or the graciousness of some of these revivals. Our time is not so noted for respect for an elder day that any manifestation of regard for the good work of those who came before us can be slighted. With all this feeling we sympathize. Yet we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the unpleasing significance of the fact, which stands confessed in all this, that our own dramatic and literary production shows signs of sterility. Each generation must have, with all due reverence for the ones that

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preceded it, its own active and living schools of thought and standards of practice; otherwise it will certainly not pass on to the next age anything worthy to be "revived" as typical of this.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—II.

V.

To P. Aronstein, who has discussed the ethical aspect of Beaumont and Fletcher at considerable length (*Anglia*, Vol. XXXI, 1908), the reason of their degeneracy seems to lie in the narrowing of the drama from a national interest to the flattery of a courtly caste. Such a change no doubt had its effect, and as an offset to the diatribes of the earlier dramatists against the vulgarizing influence of the clamorous popular breath, it is well to remember such a passage as that of "Sejanus" (III, iii), in which Jonson states the corrupting atmosphere of the court:

> He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
> The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
> And prove new, wilder ways; for virtue there
> Is not that narrow thing she is elsewhere.

Something of wanton perversion in the Jacobean plays is no doubt due to the courtier's appetite for new and wilder ways, but such an explanation cannot be pressed too far; after all, it leaves out of account the fact that the seeds of corruption were already planted in the Elizabethan drama when most national in appeal, and it forgets the subtler causes which connect our English literature with the wider movement of the Renaissance.

If we are unable in the proper sense of the word to comprehend many of the persons that speak upon the stage of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same thing is true of the more typical men and women who were playing the actual drama of the age. I defy any one to say that he really understands that strange combination of passions which we call Henry VIII. I do not find that any historian, however patiently he may have studied the documents, has been able to make Mary Stuart stand before us as a comprehensible woman: analyze as we will, we cannot say that this act of hers was virtuous and this criminal, or that this act was expressive of her real nature and this act was forced from her by circumstances; for the reason that we cannot connect them with any central spring of conduct. We should not still be so uncertain of her part in the death of Darnley, if that event, whatever her responsibility or lack of responsibility, had left any definable impression upon any discoverable substance of character. And in like manner, if to a less degree, Mary's son, James I, indeed his whole court, with its Bacon, its Buckingham, its Lady Essex, has never been made comprehensible, and I doubt if it can ever be made to appear anything but a bewildering medley of passions.

There is no need of multiplying examples to show that England in this respect was merely representative of the age. It is futile to say that we can really comprehend Machiavelli's attempt to create a logical consistency of the passions with the element of morality, that is, of character, entirely omitted. We may be fascinated by that scamp artist, Benvenuto Cellini, but who will dare say that he stands forth clearly as a man, subject to censure or praise? Even more significant is a comparison of two supreme artists, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Take the statue of Night in the Medici monument and consider its effect by the side of such a picture as the John the Baptist which Leonardo painted (in part at least) in his old age. However the image of Night may in a fashion overwhelm us with its superhuman majesty, it conveys to us a definite meaning which we can express in words, which, indeed, the sculptor himself has expressed in the noble quatrain written in reply to one who said the stone needed only to be roused from sleep to speak:

> Grateful to me is sleep, and more, alas,
> To be of stone while shame and fortune reign;
> To see not, nothing feel, I count for gain;
> Therefore awake me not, speak low, and pass.

On the contrary, the very fascination of the John the Baptist is its utter elusiveness: neither masculine nor feminine, neither content nor discontent with life, it stands smiling with the smile of the senses which have no relation to any definable cause and leave no effect in the heart, pointing skyward with its finger into no paradise of the soul, but into a world of pure music. And as the statue and the picture, so were the men themselves. Michelangelo, notwithstanding his genius, is a personality into whose life we can in a way enter; we know the causes of his profound discontent with the age in which he strove; we can connect his words with a central substance of character. But the more we read of Leonardo, and the more we contemplate his works, the less we really understand the man. In the Milanese court of Ludovico Sforza he moves amidst degradation and cruelty that would shock and dismay into silence any right-minded man of to-day; yet he moves, troubled, no doubt, æsthetically by the ugliness of sin, but morally undismayed, a servant of that bestial life and at the same time evoking the pure and transcendent beauty of The Last Supper.

Now, in this divergence between the two great artists of Italy Leonardo represents the pure spirit of the Renaissance, the same spirit which, lacking the Italian's feeling for refined, self-sufficient beauty, was at work in the English drama. And if we seek for the cause of this new appearance, we must find it, I think, after due reservations are made for the insoluble complexities of history, in the failure of the Catholic Church to supply any central law of character in place of its decaying discipline. The tendency of the Church through the Middle Ages had been, to a certain extent, to discredit reliance on a man's own inner control and to substitute in its place a rule of outer conformity. What other meaning can be given to the emphasis on belief in the Church as the source and revealer of truth and to the belittling of individual responsibility for discovering the truth in its secret hiding-place in the man's own soul? What else is the meaning of regeneration by baptism, of absolution through confession, and of spiritual edification by the eucharist? Greek philosophy as we see it in the drama of Euripides represents the human soul as standing naked and unassisted in the midst of great, buffeting, dæmonic powers, fighting for possession of itself, and happy or miserable in accordance with its ability to choose and control from among the infinite solicitations of the other world. On the contrary, the Middle Ages were to teach man that the conflict had once for all been fought and won and settled, and that henceforth salvation was to be obtained by accepting that decision and surrendering to the victor. I do not say that this was all of the Catholic religion: it had its great mystics who escaped through its meshes without rending them; its discipline made on the whole for right conduct, and, above all, nourished the imagination with infinite treasures of beauty and fed the emotions with celestial raptures. And doubtless there are other virtues to be reckoned to its account. Yet after all is said, it remains true, nevertheless, that when ecclesiastical authority was broken by skepticism and knowledge, the soul was left with all its riches of imagination and emotion, but with the principle of individual responsibility discredited and the fibre of self-government relaxed. The consequences may be seen in the Italy of the sixteenth century.

VI.

The age of the Renaissance was enormously complex. On the one hand, there were many forces at work to nourish the arts; the very release from discipline for a little while acted as a powerful stimulus on the sensuous faculties, and the disintegrating effects of that release were stayed in Italy by the recovery of a marvellous æsthetic tra-

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dition. Elsewhere the Reformation was active in restoring, blindly and confusedly no doubt, the very sense of ethical responsibility which the Renaissance largely ignored. In a way, Michelangelo was quite as much the child of the former as of the latter; and so in France the great leaven of Jansenism produced a Pascal and a Racine. And nowhere was the complication of the currents more intricate than in England. In religion the contest soon passed from Catholicism and the Reformation to the compromise of Anglicanism and the extreme individualism of the Puritans. But in the drama, with which we are now concerned, the course was different. The theatre, for various reasons, remained almost purely under the influence of the Renaissance, while the Puritans attacked it with every weapon in their arsenal, and the Anglican Church abandoned it to its fate. Nor was there in England any æsthetic tradition to lend to the stage such unity of beautiful design or self-consistent emotion as took the place of moral unity in the work of a Leonardo. The result is that drama of the court which, besides its frequent actual indecency, is at heart so often non-moral and in the higher artistic sense incomprehensible.

Puritanism was not lovely; its attack on the stage was both brutal and indiscriminating; in every direction its spirit of excess wrought evils from which the English world is still suffering more profoundly than most of us are ready to admit. But it performed one great service for letters in bringing into relief the conception of character, and thus rendering literature again both moral and comprehensible. Possibly the Anglican Church and the temper of mind which produced that Church might have been sufficient in themselves to effect this restoration, and certainly the excesses of Puritanism often defeated its own aim; nevertheless, when we pass from Beaumont and Fletcher to Milton, and even to Bunyan, we are bound to acknowledge that something new and of inestimable value to art has come to the surface. We understand the hero of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as we can in no wise grasp the persons of "The Maid's Tragedy," and for the very reason that Christian has character, whereas the persons of the play have not. And when to this ethical quality, which satisfies the demands of the intelligence, there is added the immediate sense of beauty in itself which Milton enjoyed as a child of the Renaissance, we derive from art that high and full pleasure which is the best thing this world affords us, a prize beyond the computation of those who content themselves with feeling without understanding. Moreover, from Bunyan's and Milton's day almost to ours this feeling for character has been the prime possession of English literature, which makes it, despite deficiencies of external form and frequent poverty of thought, the equal of French literature, if not the superior: and this possession was the undeniable gift of the Puritan conscience.

I remember some years ago reading an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wherein there was an attempt to show that the element of Puritanism in English letters was provincial and straitening in comparison with the moral freedom of modern Paris. The author of the essay I have forgotten, and indeed neither author nor article is of any importance, except as they expressed frankly a sentiment which is beginning to be widely accepted, and even preached, by English and American writers who feel a certain poverty in our present-day literature. As a matter of fact, the shoe is quite on the other foot: historically Puritan ethics, whatever its excess, is in the great tradition, but Parisian non-morality, like that of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the relic of a special age and movement. It may sound paradoxical at first, but it is true nevertheless, that Bunyan, with all his exasperating qualities, was nearer to the tradition of Greek tragedy than were the characteristic dramatists of James's court. The very allegory of "The Holy War," for instance, is not so far removed as one might suppose from the mythology of the "Hippolytus." Bunyan, no doubt, is led by his Puritanism to a sharp division between the powers of good and of evil which falsifies human nature in a way that the more wholesome Greek doctrine of the mean avoided; there is something strained and crabbed in his philosophy which may seem to have carried us across the world from the wisdom of Apollo, but at heart his portrayal of the human soul as a city besieged by devils springs from the same perception of the dualism of character and passion as that which guided Euripides in his treatment of Phædra and Aphrodite.

VII.

I have been dealing, let me admit, with only one aspect of the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in thus isolating the problem I desired to solve I may seem to have exaggerated its importance. To give a just criticism of this great mass of plays, to give even a complete notion of their moral qualities, many exceptions would have to be made and many other things accounted for. It would be necessary, for example, to give due weight to such a character as Evanthe in "A Wife for a Month," who, from every point of view, ethical and artistic, is one of the most finely drawn and truest women in the whole range of English drama. Above all, it would be necessary to set forth the inexhaustible treasures of entertainment offered by these plays. They were to the Elizabethan age what the novel is to ours, and I wonder how many readers three centuries from now will go back to our fiction for amusement as we to-day can go back to Beaumont and Fletcher.

More particularly, Fletcher seems to me a writer of magnificent fecundity, a genius who might have been capable under wiser direction of almost any achievement. Though, as his work stands, he may appear utterly devoid of conscience, a man to whom our human destinies were mere toys, he was by nature of a manlier, sounder fibre, I think, than Beaumont, and in readiness of invention and veracity of expression he far surpassed his other collaborators. His writing was the unforced overflow of an abundant talent, and if we may believe the author of the Prologue to "The Chances," one of his posthumous plays, he was in his person the very embodiment of the wit of the age:

> Being in himself a perfect comedy:
> And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver,
> Living he made that house a theatre
> Which he pleased to frequent.

At his best he has a strain almost like that of Shakespeare, upon whom he manifestly modelled himself in everything except Shakespeare's serious insight into human motives. I was struck by this quality particularly while reading "The Humorous Lieutenant." That may be rated among his average tragi-comedies. It contains one of those sudden conversions which make us wonder whether in his heart he felt any difference between a satyr-like lust and a chaste love—the conversion of a lecherous old king who tries in every way, even to a love-philtre, to seduce Celia, his son's mistress, and then, without warning, suddenly becomes the admirer and protector of her virtue. But apart from that, and exclusive perhaps of a slight wavering in the outlines of Celia's character towards the end, the play is a delightful romance in dramatic form, stirring with war and the hot braveries of the court, love and lust, the honor of soldiers and strange mocking humors. And one scene (I, ii), the parting of Celia and the prince when he goes off to the army, might almost have come out of "As You Like It."

All these excellences must be counted up when we estimate the full value of the work which passes under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher and is an epitome of the later (so-called) Elizabethan drama. But if we are to criticise honestly, and are to avoid blurring the fine distinctions in artistic enjoyment, we should not forget to weigh against such riches of entertainment the deep-lying fault which prevents this drama from taking a place beside the more fully satisfying productions of art. And, in a longer view, we should remember that, as the wit of our twin

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dramatists passed by a slight change into that of the Restoration, so their use of the passions and emotions is one of the important sources of the romantic vein in later English literature.

P. E. M.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HISTORICAL STUDIES.

The third meeting of the International Congress of Historical Studies was held in London, April 3 to 9. The idea of such a gathering of the leading historians of the world originated some fifteen or more years ago with a group of French scholars, and it found its first expression in the Hague International Historical Congress of 1898. More substantial proportions were given to the plan at the meetings in Rome in 1903 and in Berlin in 1908, where the progress of historical science in the last quarter of a century received a remarkable demonstration in the variety and scope of the papers presented and subjects discussed. The meeting at London did not fall behind its predecessors.

Though the formal enrolment of members included more than a thousand names, the actual number of those present was less than half that number, and of these about two hundred were from other countries than Great Britain. The time of year was not favorable to a large attendance from America, but some fifteen American scholars were present, including Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, Professors Moses, of California; Faust, of Cornell; Haskins, of Harvard, and Andrews, of Yale, and Messrs. Worthington C. Ford, Frederick Bancroft, Albert Cook Myers, and W. G. Leland. From Germany came such scholars as Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, Dietrich Schäfer, Lamprecht, Eduard Meyer, Bernheim, von Gierke, Schiemann, Liebermann, and Keutgen; from France, Bémont, Cordier, Hausser, Petit-Dutaillis, Cartellieri, and de la Roncière; from Russia, Lappo-Danilewski, Rostowzew, Bobrinskoy, and Koulakowsky; from Belgium, Pirenne and de la Vallée Poussin; from Italy, Gino Loria, Riccobono, Davidsohn, and Galante; from Spain, Altamira; from Holland, Blok; and from Hungary, Marczali. There were also present representatives from Greece, Rumania, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Bohemia, Warsaw, Brazil, and Chili, and from many of the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown.

The cosmopolitan character of the gathering and the natural inclination of historical scholars to take a wide view of the meaning of history and to look beyond the temporary jealousies and rivalries of race, gave to the meetings a distinctly fraternal aspect. This absence of political sentiment was emphasized by the large attendance of German scholars, notably Schiemann, the historian of Russia and the friend and former tutor of the present Emperor. From the first meeting held in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn to the dinners given at Oxford and Cambridge on April 9, stress was laid on the value of the Congresses in enhancing friendship among the nations. The presidential address of Mr. Bryce, read in his absence by Dr. A. W. Ward, the Master of Peterhouse, called attention to the growing oneness of the world and to the interlocking character of present-day world history, "the history no longer of many different races of mankind occasionally affecting one another's fortunes, but the history of mankind as a whole, the fortunes of each branch henceforward bound up with those of others." Lord Morley in his address at Oxford spoke of science as "one of the best and most admirable unifying agents of the time," and Dr. G. W. Prothero, the chairman of the reception committee, in his speech as presiding officer at the subscription dinner, reminded his hearers that in the Congress they had what they might really call to some extent the concert of Europe and a general *entente cordiale* such as seldom manifested itself in the diplomatic and political world.

But the oneness of history was largely lost to sight in the almost kaleidoscopic variety of the papers read, numbering more than two hundred in all. These papers were distributed among nine different sections, sitting in half-a-dozen different parts of London, from Kensington on the west and Gower Street on the north, to Somerset House on the south and Lincoln's Inn on the east. The general meetings were held in Lincoln's Inn, Great Hall, and in Jehangir Hall, London University, South Kensington; and the headquarters of the Congress were at the Grafton Galleries, near Burlington House, where on the morning of April 9 was held the final session, the meeting for business. Under these circumstances, the difficulties encountered by members who desired to hear as many papers as possible were increased by the subdivision of sections and the wide separation of their respective sessions, and by the distribution of subjects whereby closely related topics, because labelled economic, legal, or religious, were presented at the same time, generally so far apart as to render it almost impossible to hear more than one paper, or at most two papers, even with the aid of a taxicab. The Congress was as a whole well managed, but there was some truth in the charge of "muddling" brought against the organization by the daily papers. The time limit for the reading of papers was half an hour, but the rule was not strictly enforced. Discussion was facilitated by the circulation of a printed abstract of each paper at the time of presentation. Papers were read in English, French, German, and Italian, and it was generally, though not always, the case that foreigners read and spoke in their own language, both at the sessions and at the banquets.

Among so large a number of papers it is possible to select but few for mention. Not all were worthy of the occasion. Some were but extempore addresses or off-hand talks, none too carefully prepared. Others had a familiar ring, as but epitomes of matter already printed. As a rule, however, the standard was high, and many papers were notable historical contributions, thoughtful and scholarly. Conspicuous among them were the presidential addresses of those in charge of the sections, such as the papers of Professors Hogarth on Hittite civilization, Tout on mediæval studies, Vinogradoff on legal history, and especially Firth in a severe arraignment of England's disregard of modern historical methods and training in the organization of historical work and the treatment of historical archives. Also noteworthy were the addresses of Sir George Reid on the significance of colonial history for the colonies, and of Prince Henry of Battenberg on the attitude of the Admiralty towards naval history. Naturally, in a congress held in England, stress was laid on colonial, military, and naval history, and the presidential address of Professor Egerton in the colonial section, and the papers of Sir Charles Lucas, Mr. Benians, and Professor Altamira on aspects of British, Dutch, and Spanish policy, were of importance. Likewise in the naval field, Dr. Tanner, Sir John Laughton, Capt. Richmond, R.N., and Mr. Perrin, of the Admiralty library, on the English side, and M. de la Roncière on the French, read papers that were stimulating and suggestive. As a rule, the military historians were more interested in warfare for its own sake than they were in the value of military organization and administration for general history.

On the part of the visitors notable papers were presented by Professor Keutgen on the Hamburg Colonial Institute, to which he has recently been called from Jena; by Professor Marczali, of Budapest, on England and Count Széchenyi; by Professor Schiemann on England and Russia in 1853 and 1854; by Professor Jorga, of Bucharest, on "La survivance Byzantine dans les pays Roumains"; by Professor Pick, of Jena, on "Handelsmünzen im Alterthum"; by Professor Davidsohn, of Florence, on "Die Frühzeit der Florentiner Kultur"; by Dr. Liebermann, of Berlin, on the national assembly in the Anglo-Saxon state; by Professor Pirenne, of Ghent, on the growth of capitalism in the Middle Ages, and by Professor Schäfer on Sound-dues as a source of international

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history. Professor Dopsch, of Vienna, by his paper on "Die Geldwirthschaft der Karolingerzeit," aroused a lively discussion, participated in by Lamprecht, Pirenne, and others. For political reasons, the papers of Professor Redlich, of Vienna, on Austrian administrative methods, and of Dr. Nogga, Albanian delegate in England, on some Albanian historical problems, were omitted. American scholars contributed six papers in the following order: Dr. Jameson, on "Typical Phases of American Expansion"; T. Spencer Jerome, of Capri, but representing the University of Michigan, on "The Orgy of Tiberius at Capri"; Professor Haskins, on "The Government of Normandy under Henry II"; Professor Andrews, on "Anglo-French Commercial Rivalry, 1700-1750"; Professor Moses, on "The Relation of the United States to the Philippine Islands," and Dr. F. A. Woods, on "Historiometry." In other respects, also, recognition was accorded to American scholars. Mr. Adams spoke at the general session at Lincoln's Inn, Professor Haskins spoke at the dinner given by the Royal Historical Society, and again at Cambridge. Both of these gentlemen, with Dr. Jameson and Professor Andrews, were named honorary vice-presidents of the Congress, while Professor Haskins was the representative of his section on the executive committee, and Professor Andrews one of the vice-presidents of section six.

British good will, manifested, as the *Times* phrased it, in England's "somewhat reticent insular fashion," found genuine and spontaneous expression in a manifold variety of social entertainments. Every day was so filled with opportunities for sight-seeing, wining, and dining that no one person could possibly enjoy all the pleasures offered.

At the business meeting of the Congress, held on the morning of the 9th, the invitation of the Russian delegates was accepted, and the next International Congress of Historical Studies will be held in 1918 at St. Petersburg.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Another portion of the great collection of manuscripts brought together by Sir Thomas Phillips (who died in 1872) will be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, May 19 to 23. The auctioneers have ceased numbering the portions, but the first sale was held in 1891, and some twelve to fifteen portions have since been sold.

Sir Thomas himself told how, by reading accounts of the destruction of old manuscripts, he was led to begin collecting. For many years he bought almost everything, "particularly unpublished manuscripts, whether good or bad," and did not object to paying high prices as one object was "to raise the public estimation of them, so that their value might be generally known, and consequently more manuscripts preserved." He said: "My chief desire for preserving vellum manuscripts arose from witnessing the unceasing destruction of them by gold-beaters; my search for charters and deeds by their destruction in the shops of glue-makers and tailors."

The present selection contains 1,137 lots, but this does not mean the same number of sheets, for many of the lots are bound volumes of several hundred pages. More than five hundred lots relate to American history and topography. Some are of slight interest, but others will bring high prices. The most valuable document in the collection is, without much doubt, the manuscript of Richard Hakluyt's "Particular Discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde comodyties that are like to growe to this Realme by the Westerne Discoveries, lately attempted." This manuscript was written in 1584, "at the request and direction of Mr. Walter Raghly, nowe Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo Barkes." There are twenty-one chapters, filling sixty-five pages, folio. It is in an old contemporary binding, with central ornaments. Hakluyt had already written and published his "Divers Voyages" in 1582, when he prepared this "Discourse" for Raleigh. The manuscript was for two or three years in the possession of Henry Stevens, the American book-hunter in London, who, being unable to find a purchaser for it in America, finally sold it to Sir Thomas Phillips. It remained unprinted until 1877, when it was included by the Maine Historical Society in their Collections. It is probably not in Hakluyt's own handwriting, though that question still seems to be unsettled.

A "Relacion del Peru," written in 1570, 186 pages; a "Descripcion General del Nuebo Orbe de las Indias," by Gonzales de Guemes, written about 1652, 330 pages; a "Noticia del Descubrimiento de la Nueva España," written about 1750, 948 pages folio; a "Noticia do Brazil," seventeenth or eighteenth century, 614 pages, folio; all unpublished, are a few of many interesting manuscripts relating to South America.

A collection of vocabularies, instruction books, prayers, etc., in various native American dialects, mainly Mexican and South American; many manuscripts relating to Jamaica, the Bermudas, the Bahamas, and other West Indian Colonies, mainly official papers; a manuscript relating to Canada, with the title "Dialogue ou Entretien d'un François avec un Sauvage," 187 pages, written before 1700 and containing seventeen interesting drawings of natives, showing their customs; New York documents from the papers of Governors Bellomont, Dongan, and Fletcher; documents or collections of documents relating to most of the colonies, largely from the papers of William Blathwayt, Commissioner for Trade and Plantations (died 1717); and the Entry Books of Evidence and Decisions concerning American Loyalists, 7 vols., folio, in the autograph of Daniel Parker Coke, one of the commissioners, are a suggestion only of the wealth of American manuscript material in the sale.

Among older manuscripts are several Biblical commentaries, St. Augustine's Homilies of the ninth century, Cæsar's Commentaries of the fifteenth century, Seneca's Tragedies, fourteenth century; Ovid, Suetonius, etc. Higden's "Polycronicon," fourteenth century; a "Grammaticorum" of the tenth century; a manuscript of a portion of Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," with other papers; and a volume of English poetical homilies and tales of the fifteenth century, are a few other notable lots.

Correspondence

OUTWORN TREATIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* struggles bravely against the reactionary tendencies of its kleptocratic and intellectual constituency, and in some directions has been a real leader. But you have been saying many foolish things about treaty obligations. Thus, in the course of a short editorial note, most prominently placed in your issue of April 24, you characterize what was virtually the action of the last Congress and President Taft and will probably be the action of the present Congress and President Wilson with words such as "faithless and shameless," "a pariah among the nations," and "a mad rush into infamy."

It is surely impertinent and futile to make such charges. By the nature of things, every great nation has broken its treaties. Like constitutions, creeds, and laws, all treaties must ultimately be reinterpreted, revised, or abrogated. There is no adequate international machinery for the interpretation, alteration, or denouncement of treaties, and each nation must do the best it can under the circumstances as they arise. The law-abiding citizen either keeps the law or breaks it, and takes the consequences, and the same high moral standard should obtain for the nation. The English suffragettes may be following a policy wise or otherwise in violating the law and suffering the consequences, but their behavior shows fine moral quality. States and cities must abolish perpetual franchises even though they break their promises, and the nation must abrogate treaties when it is for the public welfare to do so. The dead cannot be permitted to rule the living.

It happens that I disapprove of the ship subsidies granted by the last Congress, and of the proposed Californian legislation, but those who favor these measures are not less honest and patriotic than those who oppose them. In my opinion the exemption from tolls of coastwise shipping through the Panama Canal and the discrimination against the Japanese in California break no treaties; but that is not the important point. We should try to come to a cordial agreement with the nations concerned, and we should be ready to pay them money for damages, but we should maintain our will to denounce a treaty at any time.

It is almost incredible that the present radical government of the United Kingdom should wish to hold us to the exact terms based on a previous treaty made sixty years ago under conditions entirely different from those now existing. The ambiguous and illiterate words of the treaty are: "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all

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nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality." Surely sensible people do not hold that under this clause the United States cannot send its ships of war through the canal free of tolls without granting similar privileges to all nations, that the British Government cannot pay the tolls of its merchant shipping should it see fit, or that it is necessary to remit the tolls for the coastwise shipping of the principality of Monaco. The history of the negotiations preceding the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is unrevealed, but the natural interpretation of the words is that Great Britain arranged not to be discriminated against among other "customers" of the canal from whom the United States as owner is excluded.

As a matter of fact, the meaning of the words and the intentions of the negotiators are strictly irrelevant. The British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs admits that we can refund the tolls, but maintains the traditions of a stupid diplomacy, doubtless with a view to the effect on Canadian sentiment, by arguing that we cannot under the treaty remit them. In this instance there is no practical difference; but it is well that we shall maintain the right to interpret our treaties, as our Constitution, in accordance with changed conditions and commonsense. Were I a member of the Congress I should introduce a bill remitting for one year only of the tolls on coastwise vessels. If a friendly nation objects, we should not reply in terms of legal sophistry, as did our late Secretary of State, but simply explain in a kindly way the action which we have taken and our purpose to maintain our right and our power to act in every respect and on every occasion as we deem for the advantage of the nation and for the welfare of the world.

J. McKEEN CATTELL.

Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 26.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having started in the *Nation* of January 23 a discussion of this phrase, I have held back to watch the sport. You have printed numerous letters from writers of all sorts. *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* One or two of the writers seem to agree with me, but most of them range themselves on the defence.

These apologists may be classified in two groups. One group thinks that in condemning *Aren't I* I miss some of the joy of life. Evidently, it is so much more "comfy" to say *Aren't I* than *Am I not.* Now, to all such pitying critics let me answer that *dialect* is to me a never-failing source of pleasure. When the Tompkins County farmer, in March, declares: "There ain't no roads up our way," I whisper to myself that he speaks from the heart. But *Aren't I* is not dialect; it is merely the sophisticated jargon of the smart set in London, and as such is detestable.

The second group, of which Professor Buck, of Chicago, is the chief, seeks to justify the phrase. The ratiocination—one can scarcely call it argument—runs thus: The Englishman, bent upon the word-order *Am not I,* reduces it in speech to *An't I.* Then, because he emasculates the *r* and pronounces *Aren't we* as *An't we,* therefore he is privileged to spell *Aren't I.* To all this I can merely answer that phonetic explanation is not necessarily grammatical justification. Phonetics have their value, but they are not the whole of language. *Our English speech is not a mediæval dialect* shuffling into a new skin; it is the mode of utterance of some of the noblest thinkers in the world's history. These writers have consecrated certain forms which it is our duty to respect. Now, for centuries *are* has been a plural form and cannot go with the singular *I;* not even the smart London set can make it go. Besides, Professor Buck assumes too much in his treatment of the emasculated *r* as "standard." It is standard only for Southern English. In the Midlands the *r* is distinctly audible; in Yorkshire there is the burr, and in Scotland the trill. In Ireland the *r* is heard everywhere. In this country only parts of New England swallow the *r* most disagreeably. New York city and Brooklyn do as much, but with a difference. In many parts of the South the *r* is also obliterated. But of the ninety-odd millions of Americans it is safe to assert that 90 per cent. pronounce the *r* and will continue to pronounce it, notwithstanding London and Boston. Now what are the 90 per cent. to think when they read in print *Aren't I?* As for the dear children who prattle *Aren't I,* we should not forget that in every child there is a touch of the simian. If *Aren't we* is right, why not *Aren't I,* or even *I aren't?*

Just about the time I was penning my first note in January, *Life* printed this skit: The mother asks her little daughter to go and fetch the dog. And the child answers, politely: "Please, mamma, I aren't speaking to Fido since he broke my doll." Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, etc. I conclude, as I began, with Latin: *Requiescat in pace!*

J. M. HART.

Cornell University, April 23.

WESTERN HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Katharine Coman's "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," which appeared in the *Nation* of March 20, you state that as yet too little preliminary work has been done on the sources of Western history for a book of this sort to be possible. Miss Coman does not aim to present an exhaustive study of the economic development of the Far West, but rather to give a general survey of the trend of that development for the reader who wishes to know something of that side of our national history. It is not legitimate to maintain that there is no basis for such a survey, in view of the large body of source material which Miss Coman was able to utilize. For example, such collections as the Trailmakers Series, the publication of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, Thwaites's "Early Western Travels," the various Journals edited by Coues, the numerous reports of Western explorers published by the United States Government, the Early Spanish historians like Palou and Venegas, the Journals of Pacific Coast explorers, such as Cook, Vancouver, La Perousse, Von Langsdorff, Kotzebue, Beechey, Belcher, De Mofras, Simpson. In addition there are the hundreds of contemporaneous accounts of settlers, prospectors, and frontier guides sent "back East" and published at the time. Nor must one ignore the valuable first-hand material contained in contemporary newspapers and unpublished Journals which has been collected by public libraries and local historical societies, notably the Oregon Pioneer Historical Society and the Historian's Office of the Latter-Day Saints.

Nor can it be said that this material has not yet been worked over. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific Coast States" is a veritable encyclopædia of facts and source references. The American Commonwealth Series offers some State histories of good quality, *e. g.,* Garrison's "Texas," Carr's "Missouri," Spring's "Kansas," Royce's "California," Richman's "Iowa." Other State histories of greater importance are Robinson's "Kansas," Gayarre's work on Louisiana, Prince's "New Mexico," Hittell's four volumes on California. Biographies, too, such as Holman's "Dr. McLoughlin" and Blackmar's "Robinson." Furthermore, there are some excellent monographs, as McCaleb's "Aaron Burr," Bourne's "The Whitman Myth," Davidson's "Drake's Anchorage," Elliott's "Peter Skeene Ogden," etc.

Of course only a beginning, although a good one, has been made in digesting the vast amount of source material at hand, but it will be an undertaking of many years to do this exhaustively, and it is unreasonable to ask the reading public to wait indefinitely for the presentation in large outlines of a most important and interesting phase of our history.

ELIZABETH KIMBALL KENDALL.

Wellesley College, April 19.

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 10, Mr. H. W. Van Loon, of Washington, complained that he had been April-fooled a few days before the recognized period and had thus lost sixty cents. It is evident that Mr. Van Loon does not know the previous history of the transaction of which he complains, and it may be worth while to rehearse it.

Mr. Herbert G. Wells has an established reputation as a skilful adept in mixing fact and fiction, science and romance. So far back as January 29, 1902, by invitation of the Royal Society, London, he delivered before it an address on "The Discovery of the Future." This stimulating discourse was promptly published in *Nature,* the London scientific weekly, on February 5. Mr. Wells has published some books since that time, but has not inserted this address in any. However, it was republished in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1902. Yet it did not attract the attention it deserved. Eleven years later Mr. Huebsch, an enterprising publisher, espied this precious object adrift in the flood of literature and deemed it worthy of a better fate. He dressed it in a handsome booklet and offered it to the public at a moderate price. It now caught the eye of the literary editor of the New York *Times,* and he, with Mr. Huebsch's permission, presented the substance of it in his Sunday edition.

Surely, Mr. Huebsch deserves credit for rescuing the address from neglect and exhibiting its merits in an attractive form. Nor is he to be blamed for allowing the newspaper to give it wider circulation, even in an abbreviated form. The whole

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affair is, as the *Nation* wisely pronounced it, "a question of publishing."

JOHN P. LAMBERTON.

Philadelphia, April 25.

APROPOS OF SIXTY CENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to make full reparation. I have to-day received a check from the publishing house of B. W. Huebsch for the full sum of the sixty cents which I had lost by buying the fatal little book of Mr. Wells which simultaneously appeared in the *New York Times* for the price of five cents.

I am greatly pleased. I shall have that check framed, and the next time they tell me that old yarn of Napoleon and Johannes Palm, of Nuremberg, I shall point with pride to the decoration upon my wall and shall say, "My dear sir, they are not all alike." DR. H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, April 24.

SWIFT'S JOKE ON PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of April 10, Mr. Charles St. Clair Wade asks why some student of comparative literature does not give other versions of Swift's jest on Partridge. The matter has been dealt with by Prof. Rudolph Schevill in the following article: "Swift's Hoax on Partridge, the Astrologer, and Similar Jests in Fiction," published in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XV, July, 1909. Other studies are noted in Vollmöller's Jahresbericht, XII, 11, 40.

MILTON A. BUCHANAN.

Toronto, April 23.

A PLEA FOR THE "NEW ART."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are several points of weakness in Mr. Raymond Macdonald Alden's arraignment of the supposed policy of *Poetry*, published in the *Nation* for April 17.

His casual acquaintance with the magazine is indicated in his statement that it has run a twelvemonth, whereas, in fact, only seven numbers have been issued; and his criticism of the magazine is limited to the work of one poet and to an editorial appearing in the April number. The editorial in question was based frankly on the quality of the great majority of *unaccepted* manuscripts, material upon which it was quite impossible for Mr. Alden to pass judgment, and the editorial statement was that the majority of these manuscripts showed unmistakably that tendency towards merely external imitation of classic forms which is academic-death.

There is a very sharp dividing line between a true understanding and application of artistic tradition, and a merely slavish imitation of outward characteristics; but many persons are unable to perceive this distinction unless it is brutally and vociferously forced upon them.

In regard to the "new art," Mr. Alden says that he does not "venture to assume any complete understanding of what the principles in question are"; yet he does indeed "venture" to draw up his own arbitrary conclusions in three deliberate statements, covering all with a vague classification of the "morbid hypertrophy of romanticism."

His authority is his own, but if he had asked an intelligent painter, he might have been told (1) that the most authentic of the "new artists," far from abandoning all standards of form, base their work upon absolutely fundamental and essential elements of form; (2) that this can only be achieved by an *intelligence* which knows how to relate personal emotions to the constructive processes of pictorial or plastic expression; and (3) that a failure to perceive the fundamental principles in the best examples of the "new art" implies a failure to perceive these same fundamentally classic and essential principles in the "old."

It is not against the great poetic tradition that the editorial in question was directed. The tradition represents but the succession of individual poets whose creative power has given us creative form, a form as appropriate to and as indissoluble from the originating impulse as the flesh from the skeleton. But it is against the lifeless embodiment of stuffed manikins, and the parading of modernity in Elizabethan chain-armor, that the editorial in question sets its face.

> Minniver scorned the commonplace,
> And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
> He missed the mediæval grace
> Of iron clothing.

As an "eligible witness" from the great Middle West, and as a spokesman (authorized or no) "of the plain people and the great mass of the truly cultivated—the readers and teachers of literature," Mr. Alden offers his testimony that the old poetry is still what is wanted by these two great classes. There is nothing to prevent their having it. It is open at all times to their enjoyment, as it is enjoyed and reverenced by the editors of *Poetry*. But *Poetry* does not want rehashed classics; and it does want new poets. If we do not help them to exist, then "the readers and teachers of literature" of the next generation or two will be conducting classes in archæology.

As for Mr. Pound's poetry, it is its own best defence.

ALICE C. HENDERSON.
HARRIET MONROE.

Chicago, April 26.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial entitled "Business and War," in your issue of April 24, you make the following statement: "Even on this side of the water the interest taken in our blatant Navy League by battleship builders, organizers of Ship Trusts, and producers of nickel steel is well known. It has plenty of money, and maintains offices in Washington, where its recent banquet called forth such salutary anti-militaristic remarks by Congressman Fitzgerald and Secretary Bryan." We wish to make the statement once and for all that the Navy League has not received contributions from battleship builders, from shipbuilding companies, or corporations having financial dealings with the Government for naval supplies of any character. Every dollar received by the treasurer of the Navy League has been given with a purely patriotic, unselfish purpose. Our income is derived, to a large extent, from membership fees, the annual members paying five dollars and one dollar.

Moreover, the Navy League has not got "plenty of money." Our total income from all sources for the year ending March 31, 1912, was $11,864.25. The income for the past fiscal year shows a healthy increase, due to the increased membership and larger contributions received, but I repeat that every dollar received has been given from a purely patriotic, unselfish motive. In fact, although the Navy League shows a constant healthy growth, its growth has been limited because the organization has not pretended to offer any privileges or benefits to its members or to the subscribers to its guarantee fund. It is expected, however, that the League will be able to send to each member a monthly magazine.

The toastmaster at the recent Navy League dinner had full knowledge of the attitude of Secretary Bryan and Congressman Fitzgerald toward new battleships before calling upon them to speak.

I know the *Nation* would not wilfully misrepresent our organization, and I therefore respectfully ask you to publish this letter. A. H. DADMUN, Secretary.

Washington, April 28.

Literature

MODERN PROBLEMS.

Modern Problems. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2 net.

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Sir Oliver Lodge is interested in as many things as was Goethe himself. He ranges from free will and determinism to the position of women, from the nature of time to the functions of money, from Balfour and Bergson to the smoke nuisance. He discourses as entertainingly on one topic as on another. The present work he describes as "a discussion of debatable subjects," but we are not so much interested in what he says as in the way he says it.

All but two of the twenty-one essays in the volume first saw light on other occasions. The first two, "Free Will and Determinism" and "The Nature of Time," appear to have been written expressly for the purpose of giving the work a send-off. In these, and particularly in the second, we have abundant evidence of Sir Oliver Lodge's fondness for metaphor and the language of sentiment, using the last term in no invidious sense. After stating the hypothesis that time is real and not an hallucinatory process, he says that facts are at hand which suggest that there is a higher kind of existence—an existence already attained by our loftiest work, an

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existence appropriate to creations of genius—a kind of existence, or subsistence, or supersistence, which transcends present limitations, "which has been raised or put ashore out of the current of the time-stream into a freer and diviner air, where the past, the present, and the future are united in the transcendental co-existence of a more copious reality."

In "Competition v. Coöperation" the doctrine that competition is a good thing he declares a fallacy. With monopoly an awakened society will make short work; but how can it deal with competition? Suppose the community were not satisfied with the soap that the manufacturers were providing. Why should it not pay a competent chemist, and provide him with suitable appliances, to make experiments and devise a better material? Why should it not, if he succeeded, give him a peerage? Sir Oliver Lodge insists that the power of society to stimulate individuals and get excellent work out of them is stupendous when it chooses to exert itself. What labor and harassings will not be gone through for a simple knighthood? Emulation is not competition. Competition is defined as the wrangling of savages round a table at which they might sit at peace and pass one another victuals; it is the grabbing of the dishes as they are brought on by the waiters of Providence—the laws of nature; it is the filching from the weaker neighbors of their portion, so that one is hungry and another is drunken. Emulation, says Sir Oliver Lodge, is the aspiration of a soldier to lead a forlorn hope (a rather unfortunate metaphor, by the way), the desire of a student to make a discovery, the ambition of a merchant to develop a new country or establish a new route.

Yet Sir Oliver Lodge is wise in his generation. So far the twentieth century has shown itself to be an age of sentiment, a period sedulously engaged in bringing the sciences, and particularly the science of economics, into line with the impulsive life of the ordinary citizen. No longer is it necessary for one to explain with the Psalmist, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." It is a fact that professional work is hard; and this fact "should silence those who hold that without the stimulus of hunger, and the misery of those dear to you, no work would be got out of mankind." The political economist forgets that there is such a thing as soul, spirit, verve, zest, says Sir Oliver Lodge. The thing most of us would like to know is, how much more mindful of this fact are the capitalists and the labor unions?

Yet, though the author seems at times to think that there is no reason why things should be so unpleasant as they are now and always have been, he leaves us, after all, with a feeling that is far from comfortable. With all his idealism he never appears to lose sight of the fact that, though every other prospect pleases, man is certainly vile. Practical considerations, he tells us, multiply furnaces, and factories, and all manner of manifest hardships; and the singular thing is that the poorest classes, the great bulk of the people, desire this sort of thing, too. Contrast his inspiring phrases in "Competition v. Coöperation" with these in "The Pursuit of Wealth":

> I can only believe that we have an altogether false standard in these matters. We have lost the sense of the real meaning and value of life itself, and have set up some of the artificial and unnecessary appendages of life, as the real things to be pursued, the valuable things for which any sacrifice may be rationally demanded. I believe the people's eyes must be opened by higher education; they must learn to set up an altogether different standard of wealth and value, before the world can grow wiser and better, and before the inexhaustible potentialities of the universe can become to us real and actual possessions.

Sir Oliver Lodge brings us no new message. His is but a twentieth-century utterance of the plaint of Isaiah and Hosea. The son of Amos told his people that their silver had become dross, and twenty-five centuries later Sir Oliver Lodge sounds the same note. Is the present generation less stiff-necked than that of King Uzziah? We look in vain to Sir Oliver Lodge for an affirmative answer. "Wisdom," he cries, "is more to be desired than rubies! Aye truly is it: it is an old saying, but the world does not yet really believe it."

This note of dejection is encountered throughout these essays. In the one on "The Irrationality of War" we are informed that it is the deadly monotony of the ordinary life of the multitude that constitutes a civic national danger. It is this that drives people to drink and unworthy relaxation. It is this that makes people welcome the feverish excitement of a catastrophe or of the imminence of war. Daily life must be made more interesting, work more joyous. But how? Alas! Sir Oliver Lodge does not tell us. He paints a celestial city, but the road thither ends on this side of the river, with no ferryman in sight. Our gloom is increased if we turn to the essay on "The Functions of Money"; for there we read that newspapers are owned, opinion is manufactured, nations are governed, in one interest, the interest of property. The supreme power is the power of the purse. The latest of the functions of money is to rule the world.

Father Vaughan is an admirable disputant. He is not deterred, as a dialectician, by the consideration that facts, as Le Sage says, are stubborn things. He refuses to abandon them for conjecture; he is eminently fair, if sometimes severe; he knows how to command attention. It is only occasionally that the critical and constructive faculties are so equally yoked as in these essays, or "conferences," as Father Vaughan prefers to term them. He is as cognizant of the evils that synchronize with modern industrialism as are the prophets of Socialism, yet he persists in saying that in Christianity lies the hope of democracy, and that in Socialism lies its peril, its ruin. These words embody the theme of which this volume is the elaboration.

Altruism, we are reminded, is no discovery of our day. In early days it was not called altruism, but Christian charity. The time came, however, when people thought that they could find a remedy elsewhere. The Church has discovered a rival physician in the Socialist. He tells us that the cure for all our wrongs is to be found in the transfer to the community of all the instruments of the production and distribution of wealth. But Socialism, says Father Vaughan, is an affair of far deeper significance than a bare question of economics. As an abstract principle of economy, or as a distant coöperative commonwealth, it has little or no interest for him. His inquiry is about Socialism as a living, moving, energizing concern—as a "going concern," to employ his apt phrase. What he desires to know is: Whether, everything considered, it is wiser and more ennobling to join in the Socialist movement, or in a movement for the reëstablishment of Christian principles in the social and industrial life of a people.

A grave dialectical error of the Socialist consists, in Father Vaughan's opinion, in mistaking analogy for identity. The Socialist is much given to comparing the communal life to an organism built of many living cells. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for example, declares that there appears to be a cell consciousness different from the consciousness of the organized body with its specialized brain and nervous system, that there is a social consciousness with its sensory and motor system superimposed on the individual consciousness; that both together make up the individual consciousness.

But to accept the biological concept of society as more than a useful analogy, to accept it as a literal fact, is to rob human life of its value, to destroy liberty, and to put an end to human personality itself. At best, man becomes a mere function of the social organism, a muscle or nerve centre in the body politic, with no free or independent soul of his own. In spite of what many Socialists tell us, it is difficult to conceive of the socialist state except in terms bureaucratic. The state, as we now know it, is meddlesome. Under Socialism, into what kind of Oriental despot-

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ism would it be perverted? In a House of Bondage, such as it might be, man would have about as much opportunity of realizing himself as a slave in the open market.

According to the Catholic teaching, the right to own property is a natural right. Man has been put upon this earth in order to develop his material, intellectual, and spiritual capacities. With the duty of developing them goes the right of developing them. The possession of property (including capital) is a normal condition of this development. It is not to be denied that the present capitalist régime is reeking with abuses. But the abuses are not inseparable from capitalism itself. They are the growth, like weeds, of neglect, and have arisen from a betrayal of Christian principles. They can be cured by a return to Christian principles. They cannot be cured by Socialism.

There can be no short cut, no simple remedy, no panacea. Legislation and private endeavor and Christian enterprise must unite and combine, each supporting the other. But legislation needs to be rescued from its subordination to mere party interests. And though private initiative has effected much, it is nevertheless a fact that we seem to be nearly as far off from a solution of the industrial problem as when we first started out a hundred years ago.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Isle of Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Romance is somewhat tempered with realism in this second novel of Mr. Whitman's. The plot is wildly romantic, the method of characterization often realistic. Sebastian Maure, a sort of modern Byron, is saved from the insipidity of romantic heroes by his record of vaguely terrible wickedness. He adds to the usual heroic charms those of the rake and the atheist. But the author has not had the courage to extend this method to his heroine. Even in stories convention is stronger upon women than upon men; and Ghirlaine Bellamy (the outlandishness of whose name proves her an American) is a perfectly ordinary and colorless romantic heroine. An ideally beautiful heiress, travelling with her aunt, she meets Sebastian Maure in Italy, and inspires in him a violent passion. At once attracted and repelled by him, she engages herself to Vincent Pamfort, an excellent young English noble, as a measure of self-defence. Pamfort is called home by the death of his brother, and Ghirlaine sails for England, where the marriage is to take place. But Maure rushes to Sicily, where he boards the steamer. Scribbling a message on the visiting-card of a common friend, he induces Ghirlaine to see him on the deck that evening; and when she indignantly repulses him, he seizes her and leaps into the sea. As he has hoped, they are picked up by a fishing-boat whose lights he has seen from the steamer, and taken to Torregione, the "Isle of Life," which contains a fishing village, a hermit, a deserted villa, and a ruined shrine still haunted by pagan deities. The place is almost ideally adapted to the sinister designs of Maure; yet he is foiled by the simple and well-known methods of the chaste romantic heroine. Now is the time for the god to descend, and he does so in the unusual form of an epidemic of cholera among the fishermen.

Wild as the story is, it is told with a good deal of imaginative vigor and skill. Constructively, it shows a marked advance over the author's first novel, "Predestined," and it is much less unwholesome in substance.

Adnam's Orchard. By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Rural England, if we are to believe this representation, is in a bad way indeed. "Agriculture has fallen into a deplorable state of neglect, . . . land has gone out of cultivation at a perilous rate, . . . agricultural laborers have either been sent or driven away to swell the ranks of the unemployed in the cities." Change and decay in all around we see, and we can only wonder whence was drawn the courage for so lengthy and lugubrious a recital. Perhaps from the duller pages of George Eliot. There is something formidably typical about this countryside, complete in all its social functionaries—local duke, very much the man of taste and pleasure; local duchess, conscientious doll; bulldog squire, with vulgar, scheming wife; rector's patient wife, staggering under burden of a marriageable daughter; yeoman farmer, tenant farmer, innkeeper, too. The failings of this generation are soundly berated, and then the sins of their children are all laid at heredity's door. From an inebriate cousin of the duke is derived a little sister of the Heavenly Twins, half-angel and half-monkey, who is mated with that amiable nonentity, the duke's second son. The duke's daughter, as a lamb to the slaughter, is led to marriage with the squire's profligate heir. Only two young people are exempt from the general blight of degeneracy, as representing in their persons the triumph of eugenic principles. These are Adnam Pratt, who comes of sturdy yeoman stock on his father's side, on his German mother's from a "hochgeboren" line, and Ella Banks, the tenant's girl on the duke's estate, whose superior qualities are attributed by many hints to an illegitimate origin.

The one refreshing feature of the story is that this hero and heroine flatly refuse to fall in love with each other, and tranquilly pursue divergent paths, as exemplars of industrial reforms dear to the author's heart. Adnam demonstrates the feasibility of applying French methods of intensive cultivation to neglected English hillsides, employing thereupon surprising numbers of the "unemployed"; Ella revives an all but extinct branch of the art of lace-making, and opens a profitable shop in London for her rare fabrics, by way of instancing what the modern woman can do for herself financially in a self-respecting way. Thus we leave these experimenters. But the inscription, "End of Prologue," appearing at the close of 623 pages, gives rise to the fear that we may not have heard the last of Adnam and Ella.

The Night-Born. By Jack London. New York: The Century Co.

The title of the sixth of these ten tales, "Bunches of Knuckles," rather than that of the first, should have been chosen to indicate the character of the collection. With the exception of the first story, and of one other, which is silly, these tales are all deliberately brutal, in Jack London's worst and most popular manner. An American goes to a bull-fight, and, driven mad by the scream of a disembowelled horse, runs amuck, killing seven and wounding many others of the bull-fighting race before he is killed himself. A social reformer is "beaten up" by a dive-keeper, fails to get justice in the courts, and avenges himself by beating up a venial judge: both beatings reported in detail. A boy is bitten in two by a shark in full sight of a ship's company, as the result of a woman's whim. With such materials this writer is wont to fascinate his especial public. He has the knack of the short story, and something more; but we begin to despair of his ever escaping his obsession for bunches of knuckles and buckets of blood.

Bunch Grass. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Thirty years ago Mr. Vachell was a rancher in California—the California of Judge Lynch and the James brothers, where local justice and the gentle rain from heaven were equally uncertain quantities to depend upon, and society as yet provided nothing better. The transition had begun from a land of cattle to a land of growing things, and the old settler and the squatter were at odds. During the seventeen years of Mr. Vachell's stay in California great changes took place; these stories reflect a rapid shifting of conditions. Some of them, the author frankly admits, "are obviously the work of an apprentice, but they have been included because, however faulty in technique, they do

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serve to illustrate a past that can never come back." He further anticipates criticism by the remark that "re-reading these chapters, with a more or less critical detachment, and leaving them—good, bad, and indifferent—as they were originally printed, one is forced to the conclusion that sentiment—which would seem to arouse what is most hostile in the cultivated dweller in cities—is an all-pervading essence in primitive communities, coloring and discoloring every phase of life and thought." That is, Bret Harte and all succeeding chroniclers have dealt largely in sentiment, not as a popular commodity, but as a prime ingredient of frontier life. There are tales in this collection as nakedly sentimental as "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The dying child plays a part, and the defenceless maiden, and the woman who is no better than she should be, yet not so bad as she is painted; and the soft-hearted desperado, and the school-mistress, and many another familiar type. There are adventures with rattlesnakes, and cattle-thieves, and lynching parties; in Chinese opium dens, in the company of outlaws, in matrimony. The range is well covered. And the book has a special appeal as the work of an Englishman in a field which has been hailed—abroad at least—as distinctively "American." Nevertheless, its interest is chiefly documentary. There is not a superlatively well-told tale in the lot: nothing to enhance the repute as an artist in fiction of the author of "The Hill" and "The Face of Clay." We are not sure that he ought not to be congratulated, in this hour of the "short-story" expert, upon his superior fitness for work upon the larger scale.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS IN THE NORTHWEST HIMALAYAS.

Karakoram and Western Himalaya, 1909: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. By Filippo de Filippi, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by H. R. H. the Duke of the Abruzzi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $15 net.

These two handsome volumes contain the records of a remarkable journey, valuable for the new light which it throws on one of the most wonderful mountain regions of the world, a journey undertaken by the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose fame is already known to mountain climbers and explorers by his achievements in other countries. He made the first ascent of Mount St. Elias in Alaska; he reached the highest peak of the Ruwenzori group of mountains in central Africa, which the English party under that famous mountaineer, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, had been prevented by bad weather from attaining several years before; and he made an expedition into the North Polar region in which his courage and perseverance were rewarded by results of scientific importance.

The great mountain mass of the Himalayas (the dwelling of snow) stretches, everybody knows, all the way along the northern frontier of India. Its eastern limit is fixed by the point where the river Tsanpo descends through savage gorges from the great plateau of Tibet into Upper Assam, where it forms the stream of the Brahmaputra. Its western limit is similarly fixed by the point where the river Indus bursts through the forge above Attok. Now in this long mountain region there are two districts where the peaks rise higher than in any other parts. One is on the borders of Nepal, Tibet, and Sikkim, where stands the great summit, the highest yet surveyed on the surface of our globe, which goes by several native names, Lupti Chung, Gauri Sankar, or Deodwuga, and to which the British Indian Government map-makers have attached the name of Everest, an Indian engineer. In this district, besides this great peak, stands Kinchinjunga, till recently supposed to be the loftiest of all Himalayan mountains. The other district is in the far northwest, about longitude 76 degrees, in the region called Baltistan. From the famous Karakoram (black gravel) pass which leads across a lofty ridge into the tableland and inland lake basin of eastern Turkistan toward Yarkand and Kashgar, the mountains of this district, which here form the northern boundary of the Indus Valley, have begun to be called the Karakoram Range. When the Duke of the Abruzzi turned his aspiring thoughts to the Himalaya, his first hope was, it has been stated, to attack the region where Kinchinjunga and the so-called Mount Everest stand. Here, however, political difficulties intervened, for the Tibetans are extremely reluctant to admit any European travellers, nor do the Nepalese welcome such visitors from the outer world. Hence he decided to attack the Karakoram Range, in which there is one peak, marked on the Indian trigonometrical survey as K2, and having no true native name, for it lies in an uninhabited region, which is a little higher than Kinchinjunga, and at present stands second in the list of peaks whose elevation above sea level has been determined. Its height is given at 28,250 feet, less than a hundred feet higher than Kinchinjunga, so subsequent measurements may shift the honor of the second place from it to the last-named summit.

The main object of this expedition was to examine the conditions of ascending to very great heights, and estimate the chances of ultimately reaching the loftiest summits. Since the days, now nearly a century and a half ago, when Saussure attained the top of Mont Blanc, the progress made (8,820 feet) has been steady, though not rapid. It would be tedious to recapitulate the heights reached by successive climbers in the Andes and the Himalaya, so it is enough to observe that, in 1883, Mr. Graham, an Englishman, made a record by getting very nearly to the top of Kabru, in the Sikkim Himalaya, whose measured altitude is 23,900 feet. His achievement was doubted for a time, but is now generally admitted to have been really made, for the same point was reached in 1907 by two Norwegian climbers. The Duke of the Abruzzi and his party passed this record by 700 feet, having attained on the slopes of a mountain named Bride Peak a height of 24,500 feet, the top of the mountain being above 25,000 feet. This performance, all the more remarkable because the party had been living and marching for a long time at heights exceeding 16,000, and had spent nine days above 21,000 feet, and also because the weather was unfavorable, has led the Duke and the chronicler of the expedition to believe it possible under good conditions to reach a height of at least 26,000 feet. Such a height would, however, be still 3,000 feet below the top of Lupti Chung (or Everest), and consequently the possibility of attaining the highest pinnacle on the earth's surface remains still problematical. If there were a summit of 29,000 feet, with tolerably easy snow-slopes leading up to it, and if that summit lay in a region where good weather could be counted on for some days together, the prospects of success would be good. But neither K2 nor Kinchinjunga answers those conditions, for the ridges are in both of them steep and difficult. Of Lupti Chung, or Everest, less is known. No European has got within eighty miles of it. But the distant views, such as those obtainable from the Sikkim side, are not encouraging. Mr. Freshfield, however, who explored the neighborhood of Kinchinjunga, has expressed himself rather more hopefully on the subject than does the Duke of the Abruzzi.

To most readers this investigation of the possibility of getting to the very "top of the world," as in our time men have got to the two "ends of the world," if one may so call the two poles, will be the most interesting part of the present book. But lovers of mountain climbing will peruse every page with pleasure, for there has seldom been a more striking record of daring skill and undaunted resolution in continuing a journey involving so many hardships as well as dangers. The descriptions of the gigantic glaciers, which descend from the upper snows of these Karakoram peaks are full of graphic power. The scenery is as much vaster and more terrible than that of the Alps, as that of the

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Alps surpasses that of the Pyrenees or the Sierra Nevada of California. It is not, indeed, nearly so beautiful, for it is all wild and desolate, the valleys below the peaks being bare, stony, and dry, without wood or any of the softer charms of landscape.

Perhaps the most attractive thing in the book is the series of views by that accomplished and incomparable mountain photographer, Cavaliere Vittorio Sella. They give better than any description can an impression of the grandeur and wildness of this Himalayan scenery. It need only be added that the expedition achieved results of considerable scientific value, not only by its meteorological records and by its determination of many points in a region but once before explored, but also by the observations made of the rocks and of the plants of the district.

Luther. Von Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Drei Bände. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

In three volumes of lexicon-octavo size, containing twenty-six hundred pages and about a million and a half words, a distinguished Catholic historian presents his estimate of the first Protestant. The work has had a popular success and has also excited much discussion among specialists. Professor Kawerau and Dr. A. V. Müller have each written a book in reply to the first volume, while less extended criticisms by leading Protestant scholars, including Harnack, have filled the periodicals. Whereas their judgment has been usually severe, in Roman Catholic and in certain Anglican circles the treatise has been extolled as the very best thing on the subject.

It seems to have conspicuous faults and solid merits. One of the former is its lack of system and proportion in the presentation. It can hardly be called a life at all; it is rather a series of discussions of various sides of the reformer's character, opinions, and influence. Such was the author's purpose; he proclaims that he is composing no "art-biography," for of these there are already too many; he simply wishes to examine Luther as a "religious phenomenon." Except in the first and last chapters, chronology is disregarded, and historical perspective lost. For example, an analysis of the early commentaries on Romans and Galatians takes up more space than is allotted to the whole history of the crowded years 1520-1530. By this method the author is enabled to put tremendous emphasis on what is suitable to his purpose and to pass lightly over all that is not. Notwithstanding the fact that with apparent impartiality he clears Luther from some unfounded charges made against him, and only retains those which are supported by good evidence, he thus produces a one-sided effect. He himself admits that his selection of sources is somewhat arbitrary. In the section on the Table Talk, consisting of an exhaustive treatment of all the worst things Luther ever said, he candidly states that the reported conversations are not entirely composed of such objectionable sayings, but that he purposely omits quoting the better sort because they and they only have already been sufficiently noticed by sympathetic biographers.

Withal, every sentence is carefully documented, and the language is always temperate and courteous. Luther is occasionally praised and the author frequently refrains from drawing the obvious conclusions from the facts as he gives them. This makes his final summary the more effective, as he himself is well aware. "One gets further," he confesses in an unguarded moment, "by the gentle manner of Janssen than by scolding like Denifle." A similar opinion is entertained by one of Grisar's most eminent critics, who complains, almost naïvely, that "the quiet and objective language of the book only makes it the more dangerous."

The most original and valuable portion is the study of Luther's development in the cloister. In a really brilliant analysis of the documents the author reconstructs the history of that important time, showing how intimately the events in the young man's life influenced the growth of his doctrine. It was a quarrel with the strictly "observant" monks that first gave him a low opinion of the value of "good works"; it was his own ineradicable concupiscence that, by convincing him of the hopelessness of man's own efforts, originated his doctrine of the bondage of the will. The way of escape from reprobation that first presented itself to him was not the famous justification by faith only, but mystic self-abandonment or passivity in God's hands. Indeed, the religious experience supposed to be at the head of his career did not, according to Grisar, come until late in 1518 or 1519, and then the great message, which he regarded as a revelation of the Holy Ghost, was vouchsafed to him in the least suitable and most indecorous imaginable place. So far many will follow the Jesuit scholar; probably few will be convinced by his argument that Luther's attack on sacerdotal celibacy was due to a moral breakdown, and even that his supposed excesses brought on a venereal disease.

The second and third volumes, though less startling, contain many valuable discussions, always centring in some moral or religious judgment. Many of Grisar's criticisms are justified. Luther was narrow, intolerant, hot-tempered, unfair, and foul-mouthed in his treatment of enemies, and towards the end of his life he almost completely lost control of himself. The true explanation of this in the reformer's nervous maladies is barely hinted at. Many of Grisar's charges, however, remind one of Voltaire's criticism of Shakespeare, or Herbert Spencer's objections to Homer; they are, from the critic's point of view, unanswerable, and yet, had he been in genial relations with his subject as a whole, he would never have thought they mattered. Many other strictures by the learned Jesuit will not appear damaging in the eyes of a liberal Protestant or rationalist. That Luther started the separation of ecclesiastical and temporal, that his teaching founded modern subjectivism, individualism, and secularism, that he was—unwittingly, to be sure—the first to break the road to undogmatic Christianity and to rationalism, these facts, made articles of impeachment against him, are at the heart of the Reformation! After recent attempts to show that the Protestant revolt was a conservative if not a reactionary movement, and to belittle its leader as "a man no longer worth writing about," Grisar's pages read almost like an apology. Luther is called great—even Titanic—in many things, particularly in his strength to labor and in his gift of expression; it is only his moral and religious standpoint that is condemned. Books should be judged not by their bias, that is, by "the merits of the question," but by what can be learned from them. By this criterion Grisar's work ranks high. It is not a work from which the lay reader can get a fair or even a clear introduction to the subject, but it is one which no scholar can neglect, which deserves to leave, and which will leave, a marked influence on future writers on the period.

Notes

The following additions to Holt's Home University Library may be expected this week: "Writing English Prose," by Prof. W. T. Brewster; "The Literature of the Old Testament," by Prof. George F. Moore, and "From Jefferson to Lincoln," by Prof. William MacDonald.

Mary Caroline Crawford is preparing for Little, Brown & Company "The Romance of the American Theatre." It will be issued in the autumn.

The Century Company will bring out in the near future Jack London's "The Abysmal Brute," a story of the prize-ring, and Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Scarlet Rider," a tale of adventure laid in the Isle of Wight.

E. P. Dutton & Company have removed to No. 681 Fifth Avenue. But for another year at least their present shop on Twenty-third Street will be retained as a branch of their retail business.

In "Mark Twain and the Happy Island," which A. C. McClurg will publish immedi-

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ately, Miss Elizabeth Wallace describes Mark Twain's pleasant visit in Bermuda.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright" is promised this month by Constable.

The same house has in press "The Nation and Empire," a collection of speeches and addresses by Lord Milner, and "Other Days," a volume of reminiscences, by A. G. Bradley.

In the next few weeks Macmillan will publish the following titles: "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis; "The Rural Church," by Gifford Pinchot and Charles Otis Gill, and "Religion as Life," by Henry Churchill King.

The following miscellaneous books are included in the spring list of Sherman, French & Co.: "An Outline History of China, Part 1: From the Earliest Times to the Manchu Conquest, A. D. 1644," by Herbert H. Gowen; "Above the Shame of Circumstance," a story by Gertrude Capen Whitney; "To the Lost Friend, a Sonnet Sequence," by Auguste Angellier, translated by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy; "The Book of Job, with an Introductory Essay and Explanatory Notes," by Homer B. Sprague; "Problems in Modern Education, Addresses and Essays," by William Seneca Sutton; "Amor Vitaque, a Little Book of Lyrics, Ballads, and Omargrams," by Oliver Opp-Dyke; "The Religious Life of the Anglo-Saxon Race," by M. V. B. Knox; "The Inner Garden," a book of verse by Horace Holley; "The Witch of Golgotha," by B. Pesh-Mal-Yan; "The Dirge of the Sea-Children, and Other Poems," by Kenneth Rand; "Songs of Seven Years," by Sydney Rowe; "A Looking-Glass," by Gertrude Skinner; "Aurora, and Other Poems," by Laura A. Whitmore; "The Former Countess," by Annie Fields Vila; "Wayside Idyls," by Henry C. Graves; "The Garden of Life, and Other Poems," by Anne Richardson Talbot, and "The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems," by George Klingle.

"The Essentials of the Constitution" is the title chosen by Mr. Elihu Root for the series of Stafford Little lectures delivered this spring at Princeton. The volume will be brought out in the summer by the Princeton University Press.

Of timely interest, certainly, is Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Way Stations" (Dodd, Mead), an account, by a skilled writer of fiction, of the past eight years in the camp of the English suffragists. The inside of the cover is blazoned with a drawing. A robust lady is riding in a two-horse chariot towards the House of Parliament. She stands erect, grasping in her left hand a banner with the no longer strange device, "Votes for Women"; in her right, a pair of scales. A second lady is luckily at hand to do the driving, and a third, with wings, descends from above, proffering a wreath to the standard-bearer, who already wears a spiky crown and affects indifference. No men are in sight, and we feel that it is fortunate.

Eight years ago Miss Robins had little interest in the demand for woman's suffrage. "Prior to 1905 all but a negligible fraction of women (and practically the whole masculine population) shared the belief that the half of the world which had control of public affairs had in addition not only the ability but the will to safeguard the interests of women and children equally with the interests of men." The first paper of this series, printed at that time, takes issue with the assumption that men have deliberately adopted a policy of injustice to women. "The arrangement between the sexes seems to have come about without blame or credit on either side. It was the best working arrangement the uncivilized could devise." Each sex simply followed the line of least resistance, the result being authority for men and obedience for women. This obedience was founded, not on intellectual assent, but on expediency, on woman's inherited conviction that her game was to conceal her own judgment and to pretend that man's judgment is infallible. The paper ends with a mild plea that the few women beginning to give a voice to their sex, attempting to release it from its hypocrisy and its inarticulateness, may receive a hearing—"be listened to with a little of the patience that, for centuries untold, women have bestowed upon masculine utterances."

From this moderate starting-point, Miss Robins has "travelled the road of enlightenment," as she puts it, till in the later speeches and lectures here reprinted she has developed into an apologist of "militancy," in all its ardors, from window-smashing to the "hunger-strike." Because certain women are not permitted to "rush Parliament," she ceases to believe that man means well by woman. Let him look out for himself! The running "time-table" which links the chapters of the book and gives a consecutive history of events among the English suffragists since 1905 is lively reading.

In "Rahel Varnhagen" (Putnam), translated by A. G. Chater, Ellen Key offers an attractive portrait of the remarkable woman, wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who, writing nothing herself, was a centre of literary inspiration in Berlin early in the last century and at the same time embodies her conception of the "soulful" woman. Of course, the longest, though by no means the only, chapter is about love. Unhappily, Rahel is not a perfect example of "love's freedom," having failed to give herself at the critical moment when by so doing she might have won her "great love." This she afterwards regretted as a weakness, and Ellen Key sympathizes in the regret. But the weakness was to some degree atoned for by an indulgent attitude towards others, particularly towards Pauline Wiesel:

> When Pauline left her husband, Councillor Wiesel, Rahel gave her complete approval; her "strong heart was not made to suffer," Rahel wrote. As the mistress of Prince Louis Ferdinand, and of many others, Pauline showed such inconstancy in her love, combined with such innocence, such ease of conscience, and such kindness, that she appeared like a Philine brought to life. The strength and genuineness of her nature inspired in Rahel not only unalterable devotion, but admiration.

Yet all the while "love's freedom" is not "free love." Truly, we may wonder whether the new erotic philosophy has a glimmer of an idea whither its course is set. At any rate, after several volumes upon love's freedom, we may suggest that the time has come for a volume upon the complementary topic of love's justice. Ellen Key should find the subject enlightening, though perhaps also perplexing.

Harry A. Franck's method of travelling is unconventional. He avoids the beaten track of the tourist, the observation car, the fashionable hotel, and it is not surprising to find his book on the Panama Canal coming out with the title "Zone Policeman—No. 88" (Century). It is a small band of constables in khaki, this Zone police force, but it manages to keep order among 60,000 workers of many breeds and colors. Mr. Franck had his share of adventures in running down law-breakers, but his book is chiefly notable for its intimate picture of the men who handle the steam shovels, tamp the dynamite cartridges, build the concrete locks, and run the never-ending procession of earth trains. He has seen them under all conditions, and his observations, tinged as they always are, with genuine humor, strike a human note, especially when he recounts his experiences among the West Indians.

Mr. Franck's first assignment as census enumerator took him to the Government quarters for married men and bachelors, to the pay lines, to the rough walls of Culebra Cut, to the labor camps, where live negro, Spaniard, Portuguese, Greek, Italian, Turk, Hindu, Syrian—a chaos of nationalities—seventy-two in all. Of the three native Americans in the corps of seven enumerators, two spoke only their mother tongue, and Mr. Franck complains that there still hangs over us that old provincial backwoods bogie, "English, is good enough for me."

Mr. Franck has a word to say about Socialism on the Canal Zone. To be sure, it is only a modified variety, but "there are a number of little points in the management of this private Government strip of earth that savors more or less of the Socialist's programme," and there is also a benevolent despot, an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent ruler, popularly known as "the Colonel"—Col. Goethals. His machinery runs like clockwork, and Mr. Franck is convinced that "the Canal Zone is the best-governed district in the United States," and that "Americans really can govern." Nevertheless, after having fed regularly at the Canal Commission hotels, where you know exactly what will be served from day to day, he wonders if the "public kitchen of Socialism would not become in time an awful bore."

Those who are familiar with Mr. James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" will not expect to find much that is new in his "Lectures on the American Civil War" (Macmillan). The lectures, three in number, were read at Oxford in May, 1912, as the opening course in the new university lectureship on the history and institutions of the United States. Written as they are for an English audience, and intended to occupy less than three hours in delivery, they are perforce confined to a survey of a few important aspects of the subject. As such they may well serve, for Englishmen, a useful purpose, but American readers will find them disappointing. The whole of the first lecture is given up to a sketch of slavery and sectionalism before March, 1861; while the other two compress to the merest outline the military events of the

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war, and dismiss with bare allusion such important matters as finance, the administrative conduct of the war, and the economic situation North and South. Diplomatic relations with England, admittedly a delicate subject under the circumstances, are handled with a restraint amounting almost to tenderness. On the other hand, the personal traits of Lincoln, Grant, and Lee are pleasantly brought out, and the course of emancipation is rather fully indicated. Mr. Rhodes's style, readable and effective in his larger work, does not adapt itself easily to conditions of limited space; and its effectiveness is not enhanced by a punctuation which at times is extraordinary. For this latter shortcoming, however, the blame should apparently be divided between the author's son, whom the preface credits with the work of literary revision, and the publishers, who might have remedied the defect by intelligent proof-reading.

Volume XX of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Gaillard Hunt (Government Printing Office), covers the three months from April 24 to July 22, 1781. Out of the mass of financial and military details, whose variety and bulk the recent adoption of the Articles of Confederation did not lessen, a few questions of first-rate importance emerge. Ordinances for the support of public credit, with drastic provisions for the treatment of negligent States, did not get beyond the report stage; but a recommendation that the tender laws of the States, in regard to paper money, be repealed, and that no more paper be issued, was adopted. In May came the incorporation of the Bank of North America and the cheering news of a further grant of 600,000 livres by France. The suggestion of mediation by Russia and the Empire, "eagerly embraced on the part of Great Britain," and taken under advisement by France and Spain, was met by a frank declaration that nothing less than the complete recognition of the independence of the United States "in all its parts" would be acceptable. There was much debate over the instructions to be given to John Adams and the other Peace Commissioners, particularly in regard to the western and northern boundaries. In the end, however, the question of boundary was left undetermined, the Commissioners being charged to obtain the best terms possible, though nothing was to be done without the knowledge and concurrence of France. Of the military operations, those in the South were naturally of chief importance, the status and treatment of American prisoners being of particular concern; but the plans for the Yorktown campaign had not yet taken form.

"The Story of Lucca" (Dent) is the second volume of the Mediæval Towns series which has appeared under the joint authorship of Mrs. Janet Ross and Miss Nelly Erichsen. Here, as in "The Story of Pisa," the former is responsible for the historical chapters, the latter for the description of the city and its artistic treasures. *Mutatis mutandis*, our review of the earlier work (*Nation*, January 27, 1910), might serve also as a review of the present one. Nothing better than Miss Erichsen's portion of the book is to be found in all the series, and the visitor to Lucca who desires to take his sight-seeing seriously can by no means afford to do without it. Mrs. Ross's chapters, on the contrary, fall below the rather low standard of historical narrative which she set herself in "The Story of Pisa." They can be of no conceivable value to the serious student; they may, perhaps, amuse the tourist.

To picture the domestic life of an English civil officer in Northern Rhodesia is the aim of Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury in "An African Year" (Longmans). As his official duties required constant visits to the different villages, the greater part of his time was spent in trekking with his wife through the forest. An important task was to see that the methods adopted to combat the deadly plague of the sleeping sickness were pursued. In all the villages of the infected district the blood of every man, woman, and child had to be examined by a doctor, who gave a certificate of immunity where this was proper. Without this no one was allowed to pass the patrol. All the fisher-villages on the shore of Lake Tanganyika have been moved inland, and it was pathetic, the writer says, to see three steamers which were to open up trade, "each of them high and dry under a crazy canopy of grass, open, endways on, to the winds of heaven." He visited a settlement in the territory of the Germans and received the strong impression that "at present their tenure of the country is more in the nature of an armed occupation than of definite colonization." There is much in his volume that is trivial, but he shows throughout commendable interest in the native. Civilization and education are stigmatized as "the twin scourges of the native races." The ten illustrations are reproductions of photographs by the author. There is no index.

From the Fordham University Press comes a volume of occasional addresses under the general title of "Modern Progress and History," by Dr. James J. Walsh, whose previous books have been noticed in these columns from time to time. In these addresses, as always, Dr. Walsh misses no good opportunity to strike a blow at the ignorance and prejudice which would brand the Catholic Church, in past ages, as the declared and consistent foe of scientific progress. If he does not succeed in convincing the unbiassed reader that the word *friend* should be substituted for *foe* in this formula, he has at any rate proved that the facts of history justify no such attitude of unqualified condemnation of his church in this respect, as many have been ready to assume. The figure of a wilfully ignorant church on the one side holding the official bludgeon successfully over the heads of earnest seekers after truth on the other, is a figment of the overheated imagination which never had its counterpart in historical reality. The conditions which hampered and retarded intellectual progress in mediæval Europe were other and deeper than differences of religious belief.

Aside from this question of the relation of Catholicism to progress in the past, Dr. Walsh vigorously assails the overvaluation which we of the present are complacently putting upon the achievements of our own time. The really important problems with which men are occupied now, he maintains, have again and again presented themselves in past ages, and whenever humanity has grappled with them seriously they have been settled about as well as at any other time, even our own. History shows no steadily rising line of inevitable evolutionary progress. There have been cycles of achievement, ups and downs of accomplishment, and at the present time we are very far from occupying one of the high points in the curve of human advance. If we cannot unreservedly follow Dr. Walsh in the contention of a former volume that the thirteenth century constituted the highest of those points, still we may well listen to his caution against an overestimate of the essentially material brilliancy of what is new in the civilization of to-day.

Andrew Sloan Draper, Commissioner of Education of New York State, died on Sunday in Albany in his sixty-fifth year. From 1894 to 1904 he was president of the University of Illinois. He received from that institution, as well as from Columbia and Colby, the degree of LL.D. He was the author of "The Rescue of Cuba" and of numerous works on educational topics.

Thaddeus Burr Wakeman died last week at his home in Cos Cob, Conn. He was born in 1834 and graduated from Princeton in 1854. He devoted much thought to humanitarian subjects and leaves a number of published works, among them: "An Epitome of Positive Philosophy and Religion," "The Religion of Humanity," "Liberty and Purity," "The Age of Revision," and "Evolution or Creation."

John T. Dye, a prominent lawyer, who died a week ago at his home in Castleton, Ind., aged seventy-seven, was the author of one book, "Ideals of Democracy."

Science

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 27.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, held at Washington April 22, 23, and 24, assumed an unusual character on account of the fact that this was the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Academy. As a consequence, the usual meeting with the reading of papers by members gave place to a series of sessions, with addresses by distinguished foreigners, and a reception at the White House, at which medals and awards of the Academy were presented by the President of the United States. To all of these a large number of distinguished guests were invited.

The meeting was opened in the large amphitheatre of the National Museum, on Tuesday morning, by the address of the retiring president, Dr. Ira Remsen, who gave an interesting account of the foundation and purposes of the Academy. Two reasons were given leading to its foundation, one that there was then very little scientific work done by the Government, so that it was difficult for the country to obtain scientific advice; secondly, that the country was

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then at war, and the idea of doing all that one could for the nation was in the air. Although the number of incorporators was small, namely, fifty, it contained very distinguished names, the calibre of which is sufficiently indicated by citing those of Louis Agassiz, Joseph Henry, Wolcott Gibbs, and Benjamin Peirce. In the charter it is provided that the National Academy of Sciences shall be the scientific adviser of the Government. President Remsen described in detail some of the early cases in which this function was exercised in matters of considerable importance. As time went on and the creation of scientific bureaus had supplied many scientists employed by the Government, this function was less frequently exercised, but as late as 1908 the advice of the Academy was asked by Congress on the important matter of coördinating and simplifying the work of scientific research and survey by various Government departments. The Academy, at first limited to fifty, then to one hundred members, has now been increased to a possible one hundred and fifty, the actual number being one hundred and twenty-five, a number which is probably far smaller in proportion to the scientific activity of the country than that of the Royal Society of London.

The first of the addresses by distinguished guests was that of President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale University, on the subject, "The Relation of Science to Higher Education in America." President Hadley described in a most happy manner the contrast in the position of science at the universities at the time of the foundation of the Academy and at present. Fifty years ago, he stated, scientific instruction at Yale College was entirely by books. Referring to the fact mentioned by Dr. Remsen, that his father, James Hadley, had been one of the few early members of the Academy, not representing science strictly so called, President Hadley stated that as philologist his father made exact use of the scientific method, teaching his students to dissect and recombine Greek verbs as a botanist would analyze a plant, and that his course in freshman Greek was the most scientific course given at Yale College in his time. Dr. Hadley described with great sympathy the advance of scientific studies in our colleges and universities, commending the introduction of research and the development of laboratory instruction, and while acknowledging the effect that this had had in pushing aside classical instruction, he refused to regard the phenomenon as a matter of regret. He did, however, point out the danger of considering as scientific everything that is called science by its devotees. "When the National Educational Association," said Dr. Hadley, "asserts that it is high time that algebra and geometry should be displaced from high-school studies and replaced by science (heaven save the mark!), it is time that we should look to our definitions."

President Hadley was followed by the distinguished secretary of the Royal Society of London, Prof. Arthur Schuster, who spoke upon "International Coöperation in Research." The development of science has led to the study of such enormous problems that it is no longer possible for the individual scientist to work by himself; neither is it possible to draw any political lines across the face of scientific endeavor. Many questions, such as those of meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, solar research, require the coöperation of a large number of workers, not only for the collection of observations, but for their discussion. In the last quarter century many international scientific congresses have come together, and as a result much coöperative research has been undertaken. One of the most successful of these international committees is the Solar Union for the study of all phenomena connected with the physical properties of the sun and of the radiation issuing from it. Our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism has been greatly increased by the work of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which has enlisted the coöperation of observers in many countries. There still remains a proposal which has not been carried out —the examination and criticism of data furnished by many observers in a central bureau devoted to their reduction, presentation, and criticism. The most convenient means for international cooperation is probably furnished in the various national academies of science already existing. These have been in recent years united in the International Association of Academies, which has already been the means of bringing about a number of important tangible results, such as the great catalogue of scientific literature, which, published in four languages, has made the results of research in all the sciences accessible to every one. Professor Schuster, however, described the difficulties of carrying on cooperation or of enforcing certain regulations regarding uniformity and system, as illustrated by the presentation of meteorological data, by any organization not having a local domicile and a permanent and continuous administrative body. He hoped that in future it would be possible without exciting national jealousies to have such a permanent institution, which would undoubtedly do much to promote international good feeling and scientific efficiency.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, the Academy and its guests were entertained and enlightened by a most scholarly address by Dr. George E. Hale, on "The Earth and Sun as Magnets." Dr. Hale, who is the foreign secretary of the Academy, exemplifies in his own work what should be expected of a member of a learned academy, and although in his lecture he communicated the results obtained by others in connection with the earth's magnetism, what he had to say of the sun was limited to his own work done in the solar observatory of the Carnegie Institution at Mt. Wilson, California. More than twenty years ago, Dr. Hale invented the spectroheliograph, which he has since improved to such an extent that, by utilizing different rays of the solar radiation, he has been able to take photographs of the sun's envelope at various heights above the surface, and has thus been able to get an extraordinarily detailed knowledge of the sun's structure. In this way he has been able to show the existence in sun spots of vortical motion very much resembling the appearances of water spouts and tornadoes in the earth's atmosphere. The crowning discovery, however, was made but a few years ago, that these vortical movements produce a displacement in the spectrum of some of the solar lines. These were immediately connected by Dr. Hale with the discovery made by Zeeman in 1895 that light emitted by hot metallic vapor placed between the poles of a magnet has its spectrum lines displaced, the reason being that light is now supposed to be emitted by the small bodies known as electrons, the motion of which is affected by a magnetic field. Dr. Hale accordingly assumes, what is extremely probable, that the motion of the electrons in the sun's atmosphere whirling in vortices, which he has already perceived, produces a magnetic field which may be identified by the displacement of the spectrum lines. Moreover, within a few months Dr. Hale has examined the whole surface of the sun to see whether there is a general distribution of magnetism resembling that of the earth, with the result that such a fact has been rendered extremely probable, perhaps even definitely demonstrated. This is certainly one of the most important discoveries in physics, probably the most important in astrophysics, ever made in America.

On Thursday morning another astrophysical subject of even greater scope was treated in an address by Dr. J. C. Kapteyn, of the Astronomical Laboratory of Groningen, Holland. The use of the word "laboratory" is explained by the fact that Dr. Kapteyn never looks at a star himself, but discusses all the results that have been obtained by observers at all times and in all places, with a view of finding out the general motions of all the stars of which we have any knowledge, with respect to one another, by means of the only knowledge we have, namely, that of their motion relative to the earth. It should perhaps

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be stated for the benefit of the layman that such knowledge is obtained in two ways—first, by the so-called proper motion; that is to say, motion up and down or from side to side on the celestial sphere, which is determined by the classical observations of positional astronomy, and, secondly, by the motion in the line of sight, that is, towards or away from us, knowledge which is obtainable only by means of the spectroscope and which we have been able to reach only in the last few decades. Supposing all this knowledge has, however, been obtained by hundreds of accurate observers, it still remains by the construction of some plausible theory to coördinate the motions of these thousands of observable stars into some generalization which will suffice to describe the motions of the universe from creation until now. To sum up briefly Dr. Kapteyn's description, we may say that if there had been created two great masses or "bubbles" of stars in each of which all stars moved irregularly, like the molecules of a gas, and which in addition had a motion of streaming as a whole in parallel directions until the two masses had impinged upon each other, this would approximately represent the state of the universe. It is found that if stars are classified according to their spectra, the so-called helium stars being supposed to be the youngest, then these stars are found to have the slowest motion. As the stars grow older, they acquire greater velocity. The reason for this is difficult to give, but it is probably due to gravitational forces, these being almost the only forces with which the astronomer has had as yet to do. Studies have been made upon many nebulæ which seemed to be moving most slowly and are nearest to the primordial matter. Such investigations may give a good idea of the enormous problems of astronomical science of to-day, together with the daring nature of the speculations required, and at the same time the exactness of the information that may be obtained and is required to justify them.

The afternoon of Wednesday was made memorable by an entirely unusual event, that of the reception of the Academy and its guests by the President at the White House and the conferring of the Academy's awards. Dr. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, made the addresses of presentation to Mr. Wilson, who, in graceful and well-chosen words, conveyed the distinctions either to the recipient or to the Ambassador of the country in which he lived. The Watson medal for astronomical research was received by Dr. Kapteyn in person. The Draper medal for astrophysical research was awarded to M. Henri Deslandres, of the Astrophysical Observatory at Meudon, near Paris, for his invention of and work with the spectroheliograph, which closely parallels that of Dr. Hale. The Alexander Agassiz medal, founded and presented to the Academy by his friend, Sir John Murray, as a memorial of his work in oceanography, was awarded to Dr. Johann Hjort, of the Norwegian Fisheries, and was received by the Minister of Norway. The only award made to an American was that of the recently established Cyrus Buell Comstock prize of $1,500 to Prof. Robert Andrews Millikan, of the University of Chicago, for his precise and original measurements of the fundamental electrical quantity of the charge on an ion, and Dr. Woodward in his presentation characterized the verification of the atomic theory (or, as he might have said had he been addressing a more technical auditory, the ionic theory) as the greatest advance in physical science of the last two decades. The President in his felicitous reply, quoting Dr. Woodward's phrase of the "adumbrations of Democritus," concluded by expressing to Professor Millikan his envy of "one able to practice a science at once calculable and exact." Thus the range of science from the structure of the universe to that of the atom was exemplified in the awards.

Thursday morning was devoted to the business meeting, at which the principal action was the election as president of that most urbane gentleman and leader of the medical profession in this country, Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University; as vice-president, Charles D. Walcott, holder of the most important scientific position under the Government, the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution; as home secretary, Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution; and of Russell H. Chittenden and Edmund B. Wilson as members of the Council. The following new members were chosen: In physics, Henry Andrews Bumstead, of Yale University, and Edward Bennett Rosa, of the National Bureau of Standards; in chemistry, Gilbert Newton Lewis, of the University of California, and Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale University; in geology, Louis Valentine Pirsson, of Yale University; in mathematics, Leonard Eugene Dickson, of the University of Chicago; in astronomy, Armin Otto Leuschner, of the University of California; in anatomy, Ross Granville Harrison, of Yale University; in zoölogy, George Howard Parker, of Harvard University; and in plant physiology, Erwin Frank Smith, of the Bureau of Plant Industry. Ten foreign associates were also elected.

This exhausting business being finished, the members and their guests, recuperated by a trip down the Potomac in the Mayflower, completed the celebration by a dinner at the New Willard. The speakers introduced by the toastmaster, Dr. Woodward, were Vice-President Marshall, who, addressing the guests as "Fellow Scientists" (presumably considering himself a political scientist), introduced into his remarks and eulogy of real scientists the rather unfortunate statement, which was headlined in the newspapers the next day, that any scientific expert could be retained on either side of any case for from $50 to $500. Evidently, Mr. Marshall shares the too common opinion that a scientist is a person who applies science to the making of money. The British Ambassador spoke in most happy vein of his appreciation of science and of his relations unfortunately now to be severed with men of science in America. The grand old man of the Academy, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, gave a most delightful account of the foundation of the Academy and his reminiscences of his connection with it during the last forty-eight years. Dr. W. W. Keen, president of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for the promotion of useful knowledge, gave an account of that most respectable and dignified of American learned societies founded one hundred and eighty-seven years ago by Benjamin Franklin, and having furnished eight Presidents of the United States, including the present, among its members. The evening concluded with a dignified speech by Senator Burton, emphasizing the importance to the Government of the services of the trained scientific expert.

Thus concluded a most successful and dignified celebration of the first half-century of our leading scientific society.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Frederick Warne & Company have in preparation "Animal Portraiture," by Wilhelm Kuhnert and R. Lydekker.

C. Easton, of Amsterdam, in *The Astrophysical Journal* for March, provides a fairly trustworthy and detailed representation of the apparent distribution of the stars in the Milky Way, by the somewhat tedious process of combining all available photographs into a general chart. For many years a naked-eye student of the Galaxy, he concludes that this method is far superior to earlier attempts to reconcile the visual representations of many observers often conflicting. The splendid galactic plates of Barnard, Max Wolf, Pickering, Russell, Bailey, and others are the foundation of this photographic chart, which for the first time forms a sound basis for fixing the medial line or galactic plane, wholly replacing all previous estimates. One is struck with the highly perplexing intricacy of structure in the greater part of the zone, and the sharp definition of many features. Indeed, the "broad and ample road," vague and rather uniform, split in two over half its girdle, as in all earlier descriptions of the Galaxy, quite disappears. Other striking features revealed by the chart are the long lateral offsets in Taurus, Orion, and Scorpio. "It

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can hardly be by mere chance," says Mr. Easton, "that most of the streams radiating from the gigantic assemblage of suns about Sigma and Nu Scorpii are directed to the very brilliant patches of milky light in Scutum and Sagittarius." He further proceeds to test the spiral theory of the galactic system, and in the middle of his chart presents a hypothetical spiral whose curving wisps perhaps account for the Milky Way as actually projected on the sky. He places our solar system not at the centre of the spiral, but rather to one side, away from Cygnus and towards Argo. Star streams lying almost in our line of sight must show as brilliant patches; while between them are frequent lanes and relatively dark spots, such as the "Northern Coal Sack." Comparison of the different types of spiral nebulæ, of which Ritchey's splendid photographs and those of the Keeler Memorial afford ample presentation, leads to the conclusion that our galactic system would seem to be already in an advanced stage of development throughout unestimated æons.

Drama

In an interesting biography of Tyrone Power (Moffat, Yard), William Winter predicts that this player will soon be recognized as one of the foremost interpreters of the classic drama upon the English-speaking stage, and in matters of this kind the veteran critic has often proved himself a sagacious prophet. Mr. Power, who springs from distinguished theatrical stock, has had a singularly varied and adventurous career, and has made his way to the front in spite of much adversity and discouragement, acquiring invaluable experience in a very wide range of characters. Among his best achievements may be noted his Caliban, his Marquis of Steyne (in "Becky Sharp"), his Bassanio (with Henry Irving at the London Lyceum), his Judas ("Mary of Magdala"), his Ulysses (in Stephen Phillips's play), and his Drainman (in "The Servant of the House"). Recently he has won both critical and popular approval by his dignified and virile impersonation of Brutus, which was the most impressive feature of William Faversham's successful revival of "Julius Cæsar." He is now playing Brutus at the head of his own company, and meditates a series of Shakespearean representations. A man of lofty stature and striking presence, he is physically eminently well fitted for the embodiment of tragic or romantic personages, and nature has conferred upon him the additional advantage of a noble voice. He is capable both of passion and pathos. After twenty years of constant training, he is now in the early days of his artistic prime, and, as he has already exhibited courage and persistence, there is no reason why he should not go far. The time is ripe for the appearance of a qualified tragedian.

"Lucky Pehr," an allegorical play in five acts, translated by Velma Swanston Howard and published by Stewart & Kidd Co., of Cincinnati, may be called a little "Faust." Pehr, the fifteen-year-old son of a crotchety old bell-ringer who lives in a church tower, is released on Christmas Eve from his narrow existence by fairies, who send him forth, provided with a wishing ring, to see life. A charming little fairy maiden is his good angel, coming to his assistance whenever he is hard pressed. The plan of the play was such as to bring out some of Strindberg's best talents, especially his capacity for highly fanciful details. As in that other allegorical work, "The Dream Play," winter melts miraculously into summer, kings and castles spring into existence with the mere thought of them, and disembodied voices charge the air. The working out of the action and moral is too slight to warrant a detailed account of Pehr's pilgrimage, which reveals political corruption in high office in several lands, as well as selfishness on the part of the hero himself. Even when playing the rôle of reformer in one city, Pehr has to admit that his motives are not disinterested. Only when he comes to a full understanding of the meaning of self-sacrifice does his little handmaiden recognize his affection for her as love and consent to marry him.

Early in May Baron Henri de Rothschild's new play, entitled "Crœsus," will be presented in the London Garrick Theatre by J. Salter Hansen, with Arthur Bourchier in the title part. The play will be given in an English version, prepared by the author himself, who is thoroughly conversant with the language. Mlle. Gabriel Dorziat, a distinguished French actress, who also possesses a good working knowledge of English, has been engaged for the leading female character. The millionaire author makes no secret of the circumstance that his story is founded on fact. His hero is an immensely wealthy man, who throughout life has been haunted by the dread that the possession of great riches must inevitably be a barrier to disinterested love. Crœsus in the play gives his heart to two different women, one of high rank, the other of humble birth. But in both cases the result is the same. His money comes between him and the realization of his hopes. Baron Rothschild will superintend the rehearsals of his play.

Music

AMERICAN MUSICIANS VS. EUROPEAN.

The recent production of Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano de Bergerac" has led an indignant critic in one of our weeklies, whose loyalty to things American exceeds his discretion, to assert that this opera would have been an overwhelming success if its composer had only been a foreigner, or if it had but come before the Metropolitan's audience with the prestige of a European production. To this was added a general wail that was once frequently heard in the land, to the effect that there is no hope for any American composer or musician who has not got an unpronounceable foreign name, or been a favorite of kings and queens. The stamp of approval of Europe, it is asserted, not only is essential to success, but gives an ephemeral success to foreign composers who are not on their merits entitled to it.

To all this we would enter a general denial. Whatever truth there may have been in it at one time, there is virtually none to-day. We now have in New York as discriminating a musical public as is to be found anywhere. It could in no wise be prevailed upon to slight an American composer of merit, for it is ever in search of musical novelties and is actually predisposed to favor home talent. Ample proof of this is seen in the success of MacDowell. His music made its way here into the affections of all music lovers before it found favor in foreign concert halls; and so did the work of Parker and Chadwick. Victor Herbert's and Reginald De Koven's original operettas—notably "Robin Hood" and "Rob Roy"—achieved a great popularity in this country without any foreign advertising or glamour to help them. Is it to be believed that Mr. Herbert's "Natoma," which, by the way, has thus far been produced thirty times, did not achieve greater success because it had not first been heard abroad? As a matter of fact, the American opera composer gets a hearing a little easier than a foreigner, as instanced by the performance of the work of a young Boston musician, whose several productions have wholly failed to interest the public. As for "Cyrano," the librettist, Mr. Henderson, has himself written of it that "it is not at all likely that any one will fall into the error of believing that Mr. Damrosch has added a masterpiece to the gallery of operatic creations." Unfortunately, the American public demands masterpieces, from whatever source they may come.

And as to the performers, is it not true that some foreign artists who have come here with great reputations have fallen absolutely flat? Is not the Metropolitan Opera House known as the graveyard of foreign reputations? We could cite one artist at the opera, and two on the concert stage this winter, whose preliminary flourish of trumpets availed them not at all. On the other hand, artists like Ysaye, Kreisler, and Madame Culp succeed immediately because of their superb art and for no other reason. On the other side of the Atlantic the discriminatory character of American musical judgment is clearly evidenced by the eagerness of foreigners to play and sing in this country. There are amusing cases on record of singers who have appeared at the Metropolitan, and, after one or two performances, were allowed to go, and who have then billed themselves in large letters abroad as "from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York." In the field of chamber music the Kneisel Quartet made its way to the front, not because its members

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had great foreign reputations or because they were foreign-born, but because their work speedily won them international fame. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and Maud Powell would, we think, hardly credit their success here to their having studied abroad; and who can deny that a patriotic feeling and an American pride in their achievements have greatly helped Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, and Geraldine Farrar? Moreover, it will not be long before artists wholly trained on this side of the ocean will achieve first-class reputations at home before ever crossing the Atlantic.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Josef Stransky, conductor, last week issued to its patrons the preliminary prospectus for the coming season, and announces for its New York series at Carnegie Hall twelve Thursday evenings, sixteen Friday afternoons, twelve Sunday afternoons, and a novelty in the form of an afternoon concert for young people. The number of Friday afternoon concerts remains at sixteen, the Thursday evening series has been reduced to twelve, and the Sunday afternoon subscription series has been raised from eight to twelve. The season will open on October 30 and extend until the first week in April. In addition to its regular New York series, the Philharmonic Society will, as usual, make several Southern, New England, and Middle Western tours. The preliminary list of soloists includes Mischa Elman, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, Teresa Carreño, Julia Culp, Alice Nielsen, Jacques Urlus. The soloists from the ranks of the orchestra are Leo Schulz, 'cellist; Henri Leon LeRoy, clarinet, and Xaver Reiter, horn.

Geraldine Farrar will create the title rôle in Giordano's new opera, "Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season of 1913-1914. The opera is based on the play of the same name dealing with the adventures of the famous washerwoman-duchess at the Court of Napoleon I, which Madame Réjane and Miss Ellen Terry played in this country years ago. There is also a possibility that Miss Farrar will essay the rôle of Carmen.

Philadelphia does not love Brahms. The result of the balloting for the local symphony orchestra's request programme was that he came sixth, with 61 votes for his first symphony. Tchaikovsky led, with 454 votes for his Pathétique, followed by Beethoven, whose fifth got 268 votes, while Schubert came third, with his "Unfinished."

Parisians celebrated the opening of their new opera house, the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, as the most important event in the musical world since the dedication of the Grand Opéra. The artistic director of the new house is the tenor, Ernest Van Dyck, and among the conductors who will appear are Toscanini, Hasselmans, Mengelberg, and Weingartner. In the list of singers engaged are Lilli Lehmann, Lucienne Bréval, Chaliapin, Van Dyck, Muratore, and the repertory is to embrace all of Wagner's operas, including "Parsifal," Strauss's "Elektra" and "Rosenkavalier," Weingartner's "Abel und Kain," and many of the masterworks of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. Berlioz, also, who never could persuade his countrymen that he was really an opera composer, is represented by two of his operas, "Benvenuto Cellini" and "The Trojans." Indeed, the compliment was paid him of opening the house with his "Benvenuto," the conductor being Weingartner, who is a Berlioz specialist, and has done much to keep alive an interest in his works in Germany. He was received with favor, and altogether the performance, in which Vorska, Lapelletrie, and Judith Lassalle appeared, aroused much enthusiasm. The fact is recalled that, when this opera was first produced in Paris, it failed, because of the current predilection for Italian tunes. Berlioz bitterly opposed Wagner when, subsequently, he tried to gain a foothold in Paris. Yet it is because of the change in taste brought about through Wagner's influence that Paris is now in a position to appreciate "Benvenuto Cellini."

A Parisian, Erik Satie, now has a set of three pieces which make Strauss's Domestic Symphony (which is supposed to depict a day in the composer's life) seem quite commonplace and unaudacious. Satie's pieces are entitled "Véritables Préludes flasques (pour un chien)." In the first the dog is supposed to get a scolding. In the second he is left alone in the house. In the third he gambols. The audience made the pianist repeat each of the préludes, and poor Debussy, whose own new préludes were afterwards played, fell flat after this exhibit of modern musical methods.

Richter has decided that he will not publish his memoirs. He has, however, made copious notes, which, after his death, will remain in possession of his family.

Art

The Miniature Painting and Painters of Persia, India, and Turkey from the Eighth to the Eighteenth Century. By F. R. Martin. Two volumes in folio, with 344 plates, comprising more than 600 miniatures. London: Bernard Quaritch. £20 net.

Most lovers of art have some casual acquaintance with elaborately wrought Oriental miniatures, roughly called Persian, though quite as likely to be of Indian workmanship. Such miniatures, as commonly seen in libraries or at the book dealers', are generally of the eighteenth century. The linear workmanship is meticulously fine rather than expressive. At long range the spotting of the color may be effective, but a nearer view shows that the surfaces are unduly broken up. The subjects—effeminate grandees sitting at reception of homage, gazing at dancing girls, playing polo, or what not—evoke thin youthful memories of the "Arabian Nights." On the whole, the observer of this work is likely to dismiss it as mildly interesting in a decorative way.

One who has pressed his study of Persian miniature painting a little further is likely to talk about the glories of the seventeenth century court of Shah Abbas. Here the drawing of the miniatures is more sprightly, the general pattern equally complicated but better disposed, the color spotting decisive and effective. Here, too, begins to appear portraiture of quite extraordinary simplicity and character. A very few amateurs may have gathered the names of great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—Bihzād, a powerful and succinct draughtsman after the Chinese fashion; and his pupil, Mīrak, a marvellous inventor of decorative spacing. So far, with increasing admiration, the curiosity of the discursive lover of art may well have taken him. It is the merit of Mr. Martin's monumental work to show that the finest Near Eastern painting lies still further back in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with the artists who served the Timurid emperors. This art seems to have drawn from China whatever was fine in the way of linear exquisiteness, while retaining the Mesopotamian sense for the charting of design in color spaces. Or perhaps in the Tartar conquerors themselves we may rather look for that principle of boldly adjusted spots linked by fine linear tracery which is the glory of the best miniatures of the Nearer East.

This art, like most finer expressions of Muslim civilization, was derived from Hellenistic examples. It was four centuries or more after the great conquests before the art of the miniaturist began to flourish. In a few precious manuscripts which go back to the liberal Fatimid dynasty of the twelfth century, we find the Oriental painters freely copying the late miniatures of the decadent Greeks. The examples are scanty, mere decoration or illustration of medical or other scientific works. Yet the Muslim painters already declare a kind of independence. Where the Hellenistic models still sought for roundness, the Arab miniaturist spreads his bold colors flat. Otherwise the primitive work is extremely crude and hardly worthy of Mr. Martin's enthusiasm. Yet one would exchange many finer works of art for that rude effigy which may well represent the cultured and magnanimous sovereign, the great Saladin. When late in the twelfth century the Abbasid Caliphs of Bagdad overcame the Fatimid line, the miniature painting, to judge by the scanty remains, pursued the same adaptive course, showing some tendency to fall into a decorative but rather lifeless schematism. It was the Mongol conquest of the middle of the thirteenth century that cut the slender link with classical antiquity and introduced into Persia and Arabia a living art. Until further exploration of the buried cities of Turkestan has been made, we shall not be able to say how far the Tartar subjects of Hūlagū and Tamerlane had assimilated the contemporary Chinese painting of the Yuan style. It seems

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more likely, however, that their art had developed rather independently, being influenced, if at all, by much earlier Chinese painting of the Tang dynasty. In any case, there is, until the fifteenth century, absolutely no trace in the Near East of influence of the remarkable landscape schools of Sung and Yuan. Landscape appears in the Mongol and Timurid manuscripts of Persia and Turkestan, simply as skilful pattern-making, highly complicated, and quite without that fine selection and spatiality which is the mark of the Chinese landscape school. In fact, Chinese landscape was too much of an aristocratic cult ever to have been taken up and transmitted by the rude hordes of the Mongol conquerors. What really happened was the quickening of the balanced spotting and the breaking up of the old jejune symmetries by vigorous linear drawing and informal composition. There seems to have been a moment of hesitation before the new linear style could be fused with the native cartographic manner. Plate 58, an exquisitely fanciful illustration of a prince surrounded by the most enchanting fairies and goblins, date about 1440, is a marvellous linear weaving, and quite Chinese in aspect. Plate 52, a courtly reception in a garden, has much of the niggling elegance of the Ming style, and already something of the over-elaboration that was to be the bane of the Persian school of painting. The date is about 1430. Plate 66, about 1490, representing riders in a forest, a scene from the Shāh Nāmah, shows the bold and skilful assemblage of contrasting spots which is the specific excellence of fine Persian work. It is as well most romantic in feeling as an illustration. At about this time, as the great Bihzād was coming to be an elderly man, the glories of the school were already on the brink of decline. In the best miniatures of the Timurid period, in so formidable a portrait as that of Timūr himself, in half a dozen of the best sheets of Bihzād and his pupil, Mīrak, must rest the claims of this art to world-standing. It is Mr. Martin's particular service to have pointed unmistakably to the masterpieces while fully describing and illustrating the entire field.

It would be unprofitable here to follow the story through later Persia and Muslim India. The documentary and social interest of the art grows to the end, while its æsthetic significance dwindles. Nor have we time to follow Mr. Martin in his excellent review of that orthodox geometrical decoration which in its best aspects we call Saracenic. From Mr. Quaritch's fine collotype plates, which include a number of colored examples, the student and the dilettante may draw their own inferences. The text and the selection of illustration represent the work and the enthusiasm of nearly twenty years. It is due to Dr. Martin's indefatigable zeal as a collector that many of the finest miniatures have been rescued from certain destruction and placed in safe hands. Under these circumstances it is natural that he should exalt his office, and perhaps one should not grudge him his occasional reminders that this or that work puts Rembrandt or Dürer at disadvantageous comparison. As a matter of fact, such parallels are usually too remote to be profitable. With the exception of a handful of magnificent portraits no Persian drawing for a moment compares in human interest with a good design by Dürer or Rembrandt, or, for that matter, of Adolf Menzel or Charles Keene. The mastery of functional line is rare among the Persian masters, nor did they usually seek in a composition any emotional effect beyond the flattery to the eye of ornate and supremely elegant pattern. As illustrators, for clarity and character, the Gothic miniaturists were their superiors. Yet when one gazes passively at the balanced emerald and jade of a fine Persian miniature, and grasps its hazardous oppositions of violet and crimson and rose, and marks the nervous tracery that binds the spots into an organic whole—why, the bit of painted paper may well seem the most beautiful thing in the world. This supreme merit in color decoration is surely enough to claim for this delightful art without indulging in perilous comparisons.

For making accessible to students and art lovers an art ill known and within its chosen limitation superlatively excellent, Mr. Martin deserves unstinted praise. We are glad to note that this comprehensive and fundamental work is merely preparatory to further publication in the field.

"The Art and Craft of Garden-Making" (Scribner), by Thomas H. Mawson, which appeared first in 1900, has now reached a fourth edition, revised, enlarged, and much more fully illustrated. The present edition contains as many as 428 half-tones and drawings and seven colored plates. The plans especially are inspiring examples of what can be done with line drawing in this kind of exposition. The color work is good, except, as is often the case in photographic color reproductions, for the bright reds, which are too assertive. There is an index of illustrations, besides a well-arranged and cross-referenced general index. The reader soon discovers that the "art and craft" described is that of England only. It is not so quickly evident what is meant by "garden-making." Apparently, Mr. Mawson is here a follower of Kent, who, as is often heard, "leaped the fence and found that all nature was a garden." At any rate, the material covered makes a pretty thorough treatise on the designing of English private estates. The American-trained practitioner would be inclined to agree in the main with the definition of landscape architecture as "the art of co-relating the component parts of a scheme over large areas," but our practice would lead us to put more emphasis than Mr. Mawson does on informal design. "Topographical architect" would seem to us to increase the disadvantages of the present name by suggesting that the work of the profession is caring for the setting of architecture. Our quarrel is rather with the other half of the title, and some of us would be glad to have the profession called "landscape design," which at least denotes its proper scope.

The ideal of the landscape architect is well put:

> To infuse the drab necessities of existence with an inherent beauty, to divert the common crowd from low ideals by the elevation of their environment, and to cause those who never really loved art and who resent it as a departure from their own level of mediocrity, to rise to more worthy aims.

A most excellent counsel of perfection, but a bit exacting of a professional man whose profession is after all half business! The chapter on Rock, Wall, and Bog Gardens is new, the material on drives, entrances, and carriage courts has been recast to apply to modern motor traffic. To the previous illustrations have been added many excellent photographs of Mr. Mawson's work, now in a state of perfected construction and plant growth, which shows the realization of the original design.

The death is reported from Glasgow of the well-known Scottish landscape painter, William Macbride. He was very active in the movement which resulted in the Glasgow school.

Finance.

TRYING TO READ THE FUTURE.

A general break in prices on the Stock Exchange, towards the close of last week, cast a feeling of more or less uncertainty over the financial outlook; it was resumed when this week opened. Nowhere does the course of the stock market exert so much influence on passing opinion, even outside of Wall Street, as it does in this country, and the decline in prices had its usual effect on this occasion—more particularly so, when the spirits of the business community have been so long depressed, not only by the recurrent talk of "legislative uncertainties at Washington," but by the confusing twists and turns of European diplomacy.

This particular decline in prices was undoubtedly influenced by the returning uneasiness in political Europe over the Montenegrin occupation of Scutari and the resultant attitude of Austria. But even so, the absence of heavy selling of stocks, either by home institutions or by outside investors, was a subject of remark, and this caused general inquiry as to what, after all, is the actual situation. Numerous predictions regarding our own financial outlook were made, publicly or privately, this week.

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They did not agree at all points with one another. The head of an important local business house, after pointing out that times are good in the West and retailers' stocks of merchandise low, went on to say that matters would almost certainly brighten up as soon as the tariff discussion (which always makes merchants talk pessimistically) was out of the way. But one of the most influential Eastern bankers outside of New York city gave his opinion that business is going to show a marked decline, even though the readjustment would cause no serious trouble, since business men were prepared for it.

A New York banker, who has personally handled some of the largest corporation bond issues, stated his view that borrowing companies must make up their minds to pay hereafter something not far from 5 per cent. to the investor. Another banker, quite as well known in the home and international market, declared that phase of the situation to be purely temporary. From some banking sources, intimations came that money might be very tight in the autumn, and that such conditions should be guarded against by prospective borrowers to-day; from others, of equally high standing, came the reply that the "tight-money talk" is overdone, and that the thing which every one is preparing for, does not happen.

On occasions of the sort, the attitude of the general public towards the existing market is apt to give the real clue. It did so at this time in 1903, when the "rich men's panic" was in full swing; it did so again in 1907, when agonized liquidation, on an enormous scale, had shown as early as March both what was the position of the large financiers and what was foreshadowed for the market.

But nothing resembling that has been in evidence this month. Aside from a few special incidents like the fall in "Rumely," the stock market's history since the first of April has been made up of alternate advances and retreats of the so-called "professional bear interest." At the opening of the month this "bear account" was plainly much extended; its sales had not caused general outside selling; some items of good news were received, and some bad news failed to influence prices. As a result, the "short interest" retreated hurriedly, and prices rose. When the speculative account for the fall had been eliminated, and the outside public was no more inclined to buy than it had previously been to sell, the "bear interest" returned, using as their pretext, first, the St. Paul bond episode, and next the belligerent threats of Austria.

How, then, is such a state of things to be interpreted? There are several possible explanations. It might mean that outsiders are pessimistic, but apathetic, and could be shaken from their apathy by a determined and continued lead on the part of powerful speculators. It might mean that the public does not choose to move in either direction, until it gets some definite indication of the course of events in two directions—the response of general trade when the tariff debate is actually concluded and the uncertainties are removed, and the action of Europe's trade and money markets when the Balkan fighting ends or a new international complication arises.

Or it might mean that investors are aware that a year of great material prosperity is behind us, that stocks of merchandise in retailers' hands are low, that Europe's manufacturers are too well sold up at home to think of invading our markets on a large scale when the lower duties are proclaimed, that our position on international exchange is exceptionally strong, and that home crop reports to date are altogether reassuring.

But any one of these three suppositions gets us no further than the inference that there are many puzzling and conflicting elements in the financial outlook. Neither in 1903, nor in 1907, nor in any other recent year when prophecies of evil were thus numerous, have there ever been so many important events immediately ahead, whose nature, scope, and bearing on home and international finance were at the moment so uncertain. At the moment, it is altogether probable that our own as well as the foreign stock exchanges are mainly absorbed in watching for the turn of events in Europe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, G. W. Naval History of the American Revolution. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $3 net.

Alshouse, H. S., and Root, M. R. Brief English Grammar. Barnes Co. 25 cents.

Anderson, F. I. The Farmer of To-morrow. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Axon, W. E. A. The Canon of De Quincey's Writings. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society. London: Adlard & Son.

Barker, E. H. Wayfaring in France. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Bassett, M. E. S. A Midsummer Wooing. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.

Battersby, H. F. P. The Silence of Men. Lane. $1.25 net.

Becker, F. W. The Home Rule of Eliza. Platt & Peck Co. $1 net.

Bevan, W. L. The World's Leading Conquerors. Holt. $1.75 net.

Blake, Margaret. The Voice of the Heart. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

Boezinger, Bruno. Mündliche und schriftliche Uebungen. Holt.

Bowsfield, C. C. Making the Farm Pay. Chicago: Forbes. $1.

Brace, H. H. The Value of Organized Speculation. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Brooks, Amy. Prue's Jolly Winter. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.

Buxton, Noel. With the Bulgarian Staff. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges. Second Epistle of Peter and the Epistle of Jude, edited by M. R. James; Epistle to the Romans, edited by R. St. John Parry. Putnam. 75 cents net; $1 net.

Chapman, J. J. William Lloyd Garrison. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Child, C. D. Electric Arcs. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Coleridge, Stephen. Memories. Lane. $2.50 net.

Conyngton, Mary. How to Help. Reprinted. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Cooke, G. Mac G. The Joy Bringer. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Deakin, M. H. The Early Life of George Eliot. Longmans, Green. $2 net.

Dell, E. M. The Knave of Diamonds. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Dowd, E. C. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Eldred, W. L. St. Dunstan Boy Scouts. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Elizabeth and her German Garden. New edition, with additions. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Frazer, J. G. The Belief in Immortality. Vol. I. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Goad, H. E. The Kingdom. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Gibson, W. J. Education in Scotland. Longmans. $1 net.

Graham, Stephen. Changing Russia. Lane. $2.50 net.

Gratacap, L. P. The Substance of Literature. Frank Rogers. $1.25 net.

Graybill, H. W. Action of Arsenical Dips in Protecting Cattle. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Grenfell, W. T., and others. Labrador, the Country and the People. New edition. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Hale, Albert. Old Newburyport Houses. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

Hall, H. R. The Ancient History of the Near East. Macmillan. $5 net.

Hathaway, R. H., and others. To Bliss Carmen: An Anthology by Four Admirers. Toronto: Privately printed.

Hayward, Rachel. The Hippodrome. Doran. $1.25 net.

Herrick, Robert. The Common Lot. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Hills, E. C., and Morley, S. G. Modern Spanish Lyrics, edited, with notes. Holt.

Holt, Adelaide. Outside the Ark. Lane. $1.25 net.

Hudson, Charles. History of the Town of Lexington, Mass. Revised to 1912 by the Lexington Historical Society. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Hungerford, Edward. Gertrude. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

Ingraham, E. S. A Brief Spanish Grammar, based on A. H. Edgren's Spanish Grammar. Boston: Heath. $1.10.

Isaacson, Edward. The New Morality. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Jacobs, F. W. Love Life of Jesus and Mary of Bethany, and Poems. Oklahoma Bank and Office Supply Co. $2.50.

Koebel, W. H. Modern Chile. Macmillan. $3 net.

Lerrigo, C. H. Doc Williams: A Tale of the Middle West. Revell.

Le Roy, Edouard. The New Philosophy of Henri Bergson. Trans. from the French by V. Benson. Holt. $1.25 net.

Lippmann, Walter. A Preface to Politics. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Loomis, F. B. Hunting Extinct Animals in the Patagonian Pampas. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Lulham, Rosalie. An Introduction to Zoology. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Lull, H. G. Inherited Tendencies of Secondary Instruction in the U. S. Univ. of California Press.

Lyon, D. E. How to Keep Bees for Profit. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

McEvoy, Charles. Brass Faces. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Macnamara, R. S. The Fringe of the Desert. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Miller, G. S., jr. A New Vole from Eastern Mongolia. Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

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Powell, G. H. Coöperation in Agriculture. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Pryor, Mrs. R. A. The Colonel's Story. New edition. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Quillin, F. U. The Color Line in Ohio. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan.
Russell, J. E. A First Course in Philosophy. Holt.
Saint Maur, K. V. A Self-Supporting Home. Reprint. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Saunders, C. F. Under the Sky in California. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Scollard, Clinton. Lyrics from a Library. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning. $1.
Singmaster, Elsie. Gettysburg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Stevens, E. S. The Long Engagement. Doran. $1.25 net.
Tabor, M. E. The Saints in Art. Second edition. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Tagore, R. Gitanjali (Song Offerings). Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tiffany Studios: Memorials in Glass and Stone. New York.
Valentine, C. S. How to Keep Hens for Profit. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Van den Gheyn, J. Christine de Pisan: Reproduction des 100 Miniatures du Manuscrit 9392; L'Ystoire de Helayne: Reproduction des 26 Miniatures du Manuscrit No. 9967 de la Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique. Bruxelles: Vromant & Co.
Van Loan, C. E. The Lucky Seventh: Tales of the Big League; Inside the Ropes. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net, each.
Wallace, A. R. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Cassell. $1.25 net.
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